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Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



Centre specimen is the skin or "cover" of a lesser paperback, usually discarded about the sixth day. Note left the carton, exquisitely adapted to its purpose (being a carton). Bottom left are bus tickets marked by the Migration section of the S.P.U. (Schweppshire Papyrological Union).

NO. 5 PAPER WATCHING. The great bulk of Park-loving species is undoubtedly "Sunday" paper. This is known as the Sunday phase of paper movement and is actually associated with Sunday, although of course there is no generic or ritual significance in this. The loose term "Sunday newspaper" has long been discarded, as the news itself is difficult to find, often merely vestigial and hidden beneath adventitious and prominent frontages believed to be attraction-repulsion in origin.

Note that one piece of paper is in front or "leading" as we call it, though of course it is dangerous to impute anthropomorphic motives; nor is it for us to "explain" this quality of coming firstness.

Most of the species are familiar; but the keen watcher is often rewarded by the appearance of individuals unfamiliar, if not actually rare. See here for instance a fine example of a Journal of Naval Groceries and Supply, with, not far away, a ruffled specimen of a Programme of the Schweltenham Festival.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



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*For overseas rates see page 930

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The London Charivari

I AM deeply interested in the proposals to turn Wimbledon into an open tournament where professionals and amateurs will compete side by side. If this happens, I doubt if there will be an amateur of any class left in the game in a year or two. The only reason why some top-class amateurs continue to call themselves amateurs while receiving lavish expenses and "front" jobs for sports outfitters and so on is because they want to play at Wimbledon. If they were allowed to do this as professionals they could come out from behind their façades with sighs of relief and continue their tennis careers secure from the criticism which mutters and grumbles around them now.

Bird Law

IF the Americans put this 36-foot gold eagle on top of their new embassy in Grosvenor Square, and the L.C.C.



decide (as has already been suggested) that it contravenes building regulations, will the bird have diplomatic immunity?

Candidates are Advised

ONE of the unexpected results of the break-up of the Empire is the decline in security arrangements over examination papers. Recently eighteen

thousand Egyptian students answered every question in their examinations correctly, some taking as little as ten minutes over a whole paper. This could never have happened when



British influence meant something. Why, I doubt if an armed guard turns out at Lagos nowadays, as it always used to, to meet the ship bringing the London University Matric. papers.

Olympic Hopes

FILLING in time, a sports telecaster mentioned that pole vaulters were having trouble getting from one meeting to another; their poles, he said, were "the bane of British Railways." He's right at that. When I asked a plenipotentiary of Southern Electric for his vaulting-pole charges he said there was no room on the trains for such things. If, however, you make (or pole) your own way to London a resourceful porter will do his best to fix you up on a long-distance train. The charge then depends on length, weight and nuisance value. Said another official, warily, "We should like to look at the pole first." I had the impression that he would like to look at the owner too, if only to remind him that even pole vaulters must cross the line by the footbridge only.



"Mind you, my best distance is thirty-six feet—I used to be a ball-boy at Wimbledon."

Truly Honourable Members

I AM glad to see that a Private Member's bill is to be introduced into Parliament to enable the victims of accidents caused by neglected highways to sue the local authorities concerned. At present the authorities can only be sued if they have actually repaired the highway but done it so badly that it is a danger. If they haven't repaired it at all, they can't be touched. It's always private members who bring in sensible bills like this. Sir Richard Acland once brought in a bill "to reduce the retail price of Surf, Daz, Fab, Persil, Tide and other detergents." You never catch a private member introducing a budget or anything like that.

Authorized Interpretation

AT Bury St. Edmunds the police have begun erecting explanatory notices: "Slow," they explain, means "Very Slow." This recognition that words vary in meaning ought to be taken farther. While the police can be emphasizing that "Halt Means Halt" and "Don't Cross Means You," the A.A., who seem to have an endless supply of yellow and black signs, often of extraordinary particularity, could be telling motorists that in these parts "30 Means 35" or even "30 Means Getting On For 40."

Paid to be Subtle

IT seems odd to advertise petrol by giving away metal-braced kites, though this has been done in Ontario, to the disruption of power transmission lines. I should have thought that anything which turned the consumer's attention from the road to the air was striking a blow at garages, though, of course, planes do run on petrol, if not on petrol bought by the kind of consumer the present of a kite would make happy. What effect on the motivation of hamburger-buyers would free plastic fish have? Would a distribution of billiard cues give an upward boost to sales of footballs? No doubt all these difficult psychological questions have been carefully studied by advertising experts. Indeed, anybody but an expert would probably have tried to advertise petrol by giving away little model cars.

Rarification

THE increasing institutionalization of the Opposition (to say nothing of its fractionalization) with first the Leader paid a salary and then the appointment of "Shadow Ministers," suggests that before long it will become a complete mirror-image of the Government. Foreign Ambassadors will call on the Shadow Foreign Secretary immediately after the Substantial one. The Shadow Lord Chancellor will appoint Shadow County Court Judges and keep a fatherly eye on Shadow

Wards. The Shadow Assistant Postmaster-General will do whatever the real one does but even less visibility. I suppose the finest flower of the system would be a Shadow Minister Without Portfolio.

Journalistic Standards

THE edoption of Lord Silkin's proposal that journalists should attain a certain minimum educational competence in order to qualify for licenses to practice there trade might bring unpressed tranquility to Fleet Street: the place would be a lot less crowded than it is today. But I'm glad licenses are not yet required, because if I had one, and said what I thought of it, I'd probly lose it.

How's the Level?

IT was like being given the vote again!" was one lady's comment when a female announcer was allowed to read the news last week, and the country reverberated to the turnings of the Suffragettes in their graves. How many women have chained themselves to railings and thrown pamphlets from the Strangers Gallery and jumped in front of racehorses to secure themselves the right to read the news? I would be prepared to count them on the thumbs of one hand and still have room for more.

Against Accidents

THE *Daily Mirror's* horrifying little book of motor accidents in pictures, *Battle of the Roads*, is about the best propaganda for safe driving to be found at this time. It costs one-and-sixpence, but it ought to be made a free issue to everyone taking out or renewing a driving licence.

Peter/Paul Transaction

OLD KING COAL was a needy old soul
And a needy old soul was he.
The greater his output, the greater the toll
On his balance of £ s. d.

Now the Atom Authority had a fine vote
And a very fine vote had he,
Which was sorely hit
For the benefit
Of the men of the N.C.B.

— MR. PUNCH

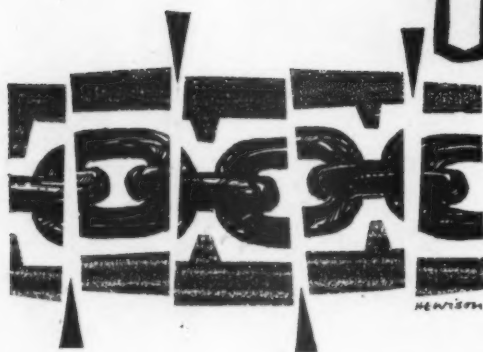


"What on earth were the four things I had to remember?"



CHANGE OF WIND?

STATE OF THE UNIONS



3



The writer is the Assistant General Secretary of the Trades Union Council

"MORE" - By GEORGE WOODCOCK

THE position of workpeople in relation to employers and managements has changed a lot in these past twenty-five years and to the greater advantage of the workpeople. I am not referring only to the higher wages, shorter working hours and greater security of employment to-day as compared with before the war. Indeed, in my view, overtime and the earnings of married women still account for too high a proportion of the increased incomes of working-class families. In any case, in this post-war world employers generally have done as well as or better than most workpeople as the result of increased profits, more assured earnings and greater security for capital. Employers have not conceded anything in the way of better wages and working conditions that industry has not been very well able to afford without impairing its profitability or its efficiency. If any section of the community has relatively lost ground in a material sense it is certainly not the owners or the managers of businesses. Where workpeople generally have made the greater advance in comparison with managements is in their power and standing within industry. To put it shortly, there has been a considerable shift in authority inside industry from the side of the employers and managers to the side of the workpeople. Right up to the outbreak of the last war, in dealing with workpeople, most managements had a choice—not an absolute choice but usually effective within its limits—between coercion and persuasion. Nowadays there are few industries or services in which a man can expect to be successful as a manager unless he has, along with other qualifications, the ability to deal with men who by the slightest effort at combination can produce a strength and authority equal to and possibly even greater than his own.

This levelling up of the balance of power within industry is bound to have a considerable effect on future developments

over the whole field of industrial relations. That is, of course, always assuming that the present balance is maintained. That in turn requires two further assumptions—first that we maintain full employment with the demand for labour kept at or above the present level and, second, that the State continues to adopt towards trade unions, collective bargaining and wage settlements the same attitude of neutrality and impartiality that it did when the weight of industrial strength was heavily in favour of the employers.

There can be no doubt at all that the greatly improved industrial strength and standing of workpeople is principally an effect of full employment. There have, of course, been other developments in the past twenty-five years which have helped in the same direction. Trade union organization has grown and been greatly improved. The membership of the unions affiliated to the T.U.C. has more than doubled and the number of separate unions has decreased by the absorption of many of the smaller and weaker unions into the larger and more powerful unions. It would be ungracious of me not to take account also of the genuine and successful efforts of many of the larger employers and, particularly, of the Boards of the nationalized industries to improve relations between managements and workpeople. Or to ignore the contribution to the greater independence of workpeople made by the social security benefits of the Welfare State. But if large-scale unemployment were to reappear in Great Britain then neither the goodwill of managements nor any probable effort at more extensive or more effective trade union organization would enable workpeople generally to hold on to their present industrial strength. The earliest trade unionists certainly hoped that by combination alone workpeople would be able to improve their wages and working conditions. And, indeed, they have, even in the worst of

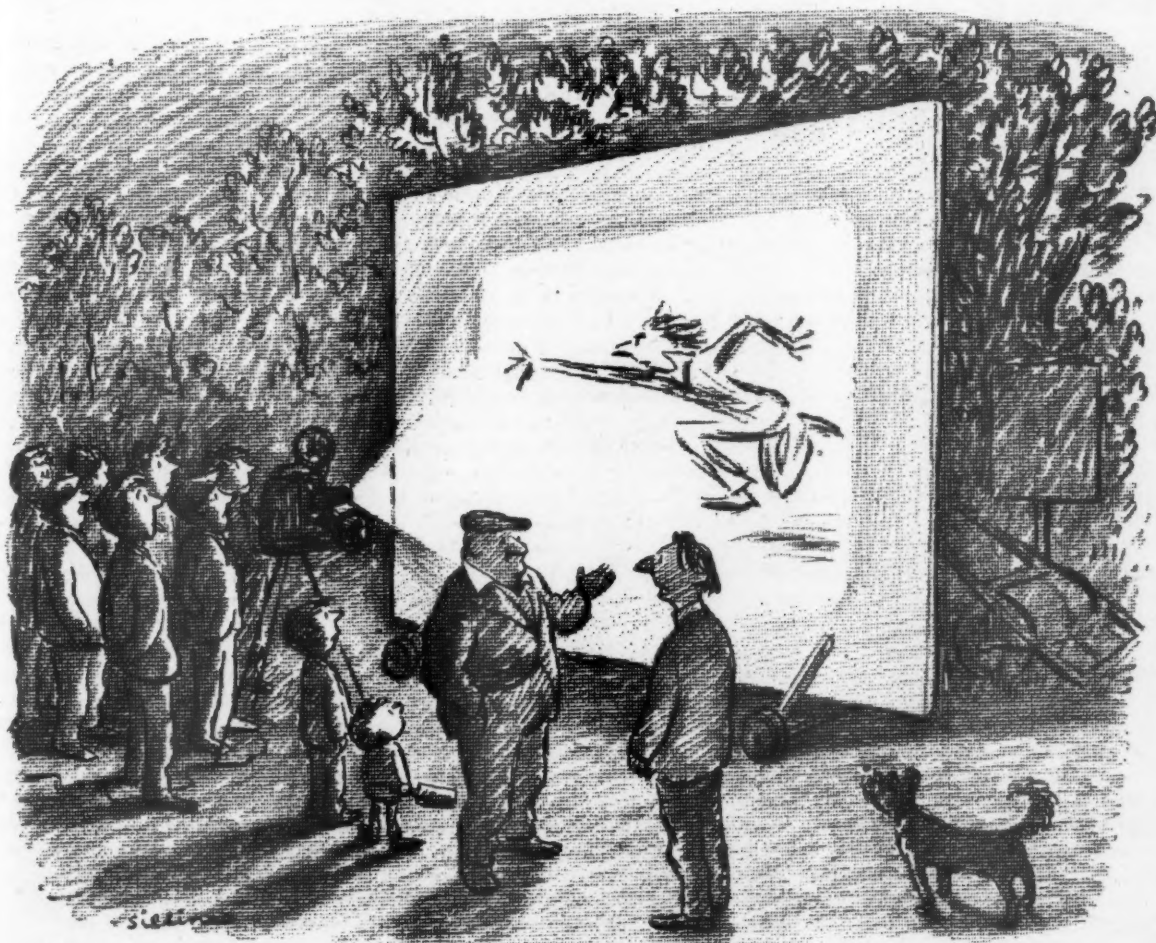
times. But the later trade unionists learned from hard experience that heavy unemployment weakens trade unionism in three vital respects:

- it reduces trade union membership;
- it inhibits the scope and distorts the character of voluntary collective bargaining since both sides know that there are out-of-work men anxious to get a job at almost any price;
- when trade generally is bad not even the strongest of unions or the most brilliant of negotiators can hope to get much out of an industry, private or nationalized, which is having some difficulty in selling its products.

This relative weakness in their bargaining strength has so far been the main hindrance to the further and more rapid development of trade union practices and functions. The structural development of the trade unions too has so far been pretty well dictated to them by the continuous need to try to offset the weaknesses in their bargaining power by closer association and centralization. They have sought to increase their limited strength by concentrating it. But now

that the industrial power and authority of the workpeople has increased the trade unions have both the incentive and the opportunity to press harder and to make wider demands of managements, to modify the defensive aspects of their structure and to adapt it more towards the positive role of extracting the most from newer opportunities and wider functions.

I can well imagine that this prospect of more powerful trade unions wringing more and larger concessions from managements squeezed helplessly between full order-books and empty labour exchanges will affect some people with alarm and despondency. I am sure that their suspicions of trade unions are less firmly based on the facts than upon ancient prejudice, ignorance of industrial bargaining and on the quite mistaken belief (fostered, I am sorry to say, by Ministerial speeches) that the trade unions alone are responsible for the steady post-war increase in prices. I can understand how people who have never themselves been forced to combine to defend their standards of living become



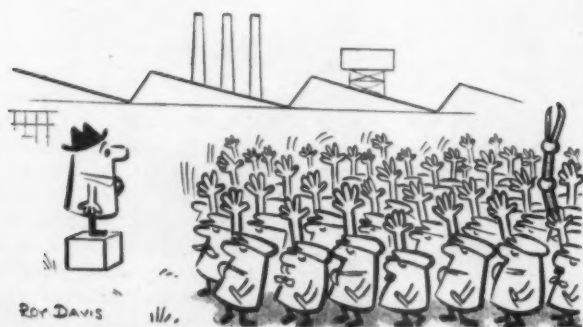
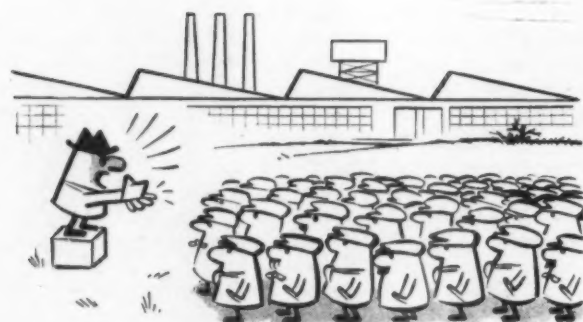
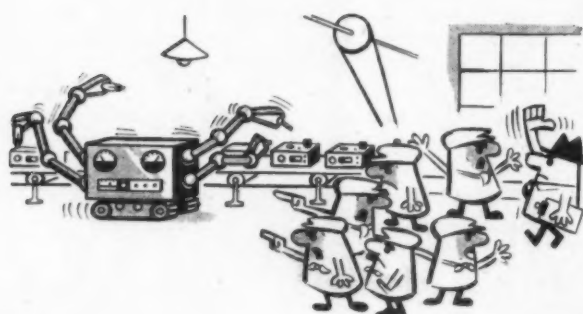
"So you see, Vicar, there's no doubt about it, you do throw."

instinctively prone to distrust as irresponsible and dangerous any considerable authority not exercised or closely controlled by the State itself, particularly when it is exercised by workpeople in combination. I do not, however, understand why some of the most relentless opponents of State interference in industry are now demanding that the Government should abandon or modify the objective of full employment and restrain the power of trade unions by legislation.

It may be possible to argue plausibly for one or other of these courses as alternatives, but it is surely a bit too much to demand both at the same time. The first is in any case a

policy of timidity and despair. It was tried in September 1957, when the Government gave us a dose of deflation. During the next fifteen months unemployment rose to a post-war peak and industrial output stagnated. I do not know what this 1957 policy cost us in terms of national output but I am sure that it was a great deal more than the cost of the London bus strike which followed in 1958. The second course by itself would be grossly unfair. I am by no means an opponent of State intervention in industrial affairs but I do not see how anyone who believes in private enterprise or in the mild regulation of a mixed economy can justify the imposition of further legal restraints on top of the limitations imposed on trade unions by the inescapable circumstances of a loosely controlled economy. The State does *not* graciously confer upon workpeople the right to combine in defence of their industrial interests. It is a right to which workpeople became entitled nearly two hundred years ago when, in face of the new industrial developments of that time, the State abandoned its efforts directly to regulate output, prices, wages or working conditions and left us all, like Damon Runyon Broadway characters in search of a living, to do the best we can.

For any trade union worthy of the name the best for its members is not merely simple protection against economic exploitation. When Samuel Gompers (the first President of the American Federation of Labour) was asked what the trade unions wanted he replied "More." That is as good and as accurate a short definition of the essential functions of a trade union as any I can think of. There is no reason to think that trade unions will ever change in this essential respect. But I do not see in this any cause for alarm and despondency. The "more" that trade unions will want in the future is, for the most part, more of the things that workpeople have always wanted; the things that make working life more satisfying and more dignified—more wages, more security, more leisure in the shape of shorter working hours and longer holidays, and more concern for their health and safety at work. I fully expect that managements will continue to complain of most, if not all, such demands and insist that to grant them would mean an impossible addition to industry's costs, leading to bankruptcy or to the loss of export markets to the Germans and the Japs, and to financial ruin for the country. Industrial negotiations are apt to start on that note but they have never yet had such fearful effects. The other things that workpeople want more of can be a positive help to industry—more consultation on the whole of the problems with which workpeople and managements are commonly concerned—more talk, more persuasion and less coercion. No doubt managers will begin by looking upon proposals for the extension of joint consultation with little enthusiasm, expecting further additions to their already heavy and complicated responsibility. The answer to that was given by another American, Harry S. Truman, who advised any man in a responsible public position "If he couldn't stand the heat to get out of the kitchen."



The other contributors to this series will be:

JO GRIMOND

THOMAS BALOGH

WOODROW WYATT

LORD BIRKETT



"I've run out of blue."

Winning a Gold Medal

(The approach of the XVII Olympiad at Rome has encouraged yet another champion of yesterday to put spike to paper)

AS I stood there on the track, alternately flexing and unflexing my well-trained, sinuous muscles, I glanced down at the badge on my heaving chest and knew the true meaning of pride. I was but twenty-one years old and I was representing my country in the greatest of all athletic contests. I suppose I was nervous, but the thought uppermost in my mind was the Baron de Coubertin's famous dictum about winning being secondary. "The important thing," I quoted to myself, "is not to win but to take part."

For two years I, a humble veterinary surgeon, had toiled systematically to reach functional efficiency as a middle-distance runner. For *this* very moment. And through all those long lonely months of sweat and toil and agonizing discipline I had been buoyed up by the single glorious thought that victory is superfluous. I looked at the assembled runners, perfect specimens of muscular manhood, and all of them, I felt certain, equally determined as I to take part. It was a thrilling moment. Then out of the corner of my clear eyes I caught the magic number 372 on the back of one of the competitors. Shavec Petrillac!

Petrillac, the most distinguished name in 1,500 metres racing, the Slivonian "dart," the "Lvov Locomotive," world champion and record holder. It was good to know that my good friend and rival Shavec Petrillac was also taking part. I put my arm round his shoulder.

"Shavec," I said, "the moment of truth has arrived. I wish you the best of luck."

"Comrade Morsby," he said, giving his hands and arms a relaxing shake, "the luck we have already had. It is enough to be able to compete."

"Then let me wish," I said, "that your taking part will be successful."

"In a way, Morsby, I feel confident of arriving at the tape ahead of you, though there will be but a second or so in it. Even so I envy you."

I was genuinely puzzled.

"Don't you realize," said Petrillac, "that you will be taking part longer than I? You will have longer to appreciate the great honour that has befallen us, an honour so ably expressed in the words of Baron de Coubertin..."

"I agree," I said, "and it distresses me somewhat that we cannot run with the heroes of old. In 1896 when E. H.

Flack of Australia won the 1,500 metre he took part for 4 min. 33.2 sec., which is almost a full minute longer than we have a right to expect to-day. Flack's participation was superb in its longevity."

"We make giant strides with our performances," said Petrillac, "cut the records to ribbons, and to what effect? In 1952 Zatopek ran the Marathon in 2 hr. 23 min.—more than half an hour quicker than J. J. Hayes in 1908. Poor, poor Zatopek, cheated out of so much noble enjoyment by his own excellence as a runner!"

We were called to our mark. I felt a tightening of my stomach muscles. And then the staccato bark of the gun sent us on our way.

Soon the initial, thrusting jockeying for position was over and I found myself lying third in the field, just behind Petrillac and Austin of the U.S.A. My spikes were gripping the cinders powerfully at every stride, and I felt good. Suddenly all the cares of my two years of training vanished, and I knew a strange and wonderful elation. My feet beat out an exciting rhythm on the track and I found myself humming

over and over again "... de Coubertin, Baron de Coubertin, Baron de Coubertin; Baron ..." I was taking part.

I forced my way past Austin, past Petrillac. And then, quite deliberately, I allowed the pace to slacken. Petrillac drew abreast, fell into step beside me and turning his head nodded in understanding.

Austin also drew abreast.

"Can't you go any faster?" he hissed.

"What, and miss all the fun!" I breathed.

"As you say," said Austin.

For lap after lap—or so it seemed—we remained level, side by side, while the great crowd roared its approval. Soon we were crawling along at the speed of Barthel, the winner in 1952.

"Nurmi's time in 1924," said Petrillac,

"was 3 min. 53.6 sec. Let's aim at that, eh?"

"Lightbody in 1904 did it in 4 min. 05.4 sec.," I said.

"Very well," said Petrillac.

It was magnificent. The whole field had fallen in behind us, conserving its energy, enjoying itself, taking part as no one had taken part for fifty years and more. Time stretched away invitingly, bidding us to go slower and slower...

And then I saw it. The tape. Not more than fifty yards away. And something snapped.

I won by inches, and it says much for the true spirit of the Games that Petrillac was almost the first to congratulate me.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Vote for Chemistry!

By B. A. YOUNG

"NOW that well-organized student riots are a fairly common part of the international scene," writes Mr. Philip Goodhart, M.P., in a letter to *The Times*, "we must find a way of stopping them without shedding quantities of blood. The best weapon for this task is a gas that will incapacitate the rioters for a few minutes or hours without doing them permanent injury." I'd have thought a secret ray would have been better, but in its absence what he would like to see is more money spent on tear-gas research, where it seems we are lagging seriously behind the Americans.

Even if tear-gas is rather more humane than gunboats, I'm afraid I find Mr. Goodhart's argument behind the times in several ways. For one thing, if you incapacitate a well-organized student riot for a few minutes, or even hours, the next thing you know is that the students have come to and are forming up into another riot. (A student is either at your feet or at your throat, I always say.) What we need, assuming tear-gas is really *de rigueur*, is something that will not only disperse the rioters but have an actively humiliating after-effect on them. For instance, a gas should be developed that would make the rioters smell horrible for several days afterwards, so that they would be ashamed to meet their friends; or would give them dry scalp and bad breath and flavour-blur and other social handicaps; or take the crease permanently out of their trousers; or give them weeks and weeks of constipation. After a time the rioters would so hate the sight of each other that they would never assemble together again. Are the Americans working on anything like this, I would like to know?

My own view, in case Mr. Goodhart is interested, is that using tear-gas on rioters is a reversion to primitive methods which I hoped we and other civilized nations had abandoned. We don't hit our enemies with weapons in 1960. We threaten them with deterrents.

THEN AS NOW

Though examinations have changed in the last fifty years, one doubts if examiners have.



THE RULING PASSION

First Examiner.

"O CUCKOO, SHALL I CALL THEE BIRD, OR BUT A WANDERING VOICE?"

Second Examiner.

"STATE THE ALTERNATIVE PREFERRED, WITH REASONS FOR YOUR CHOICE."

April 29, 1908

The advantage of deterrents is that you never use them, you only describe them. They need not exist at all. You are therefore free to make them sound as horrible as you please; their consequences can be what Mr. Goodhart calls disastrous on political as well as humanitarian grounds, and the more so the better. By way of a simple example, I will guarantee to stop students rioting anywhere you like by a really convincing leak to the effect that the police have got fall-out grenades, containing concentrated fall-out in a form suitable for sprinkling on rioters but harmless to the police.

Possibly this might result in the students forming up and marching to the fall-out factories on Bank Holiday week-ends, but that is a different thing from interfering with the ratification of treaties.

Mr. Goodhart's argument also seems to me to be capable of a rather sinister extension that I am sure he didn't think of. Suppose the tear-gas of his dreams is produced and the "organized hordes of young hoodlums disrupting the regular conduct of national affairs," to use a phrase of his that I could never improve upon, are brought to heel, will the government concerned be content to stop there? Other elements sometimes disrupt the conduct of national affairs too. "As for the Opposition," a Ghanaian politician once said in a lapidary judgment, "prison awaits them." It might be that elsewhere, not prison, but incapacitating non-lethal gases awaited them, pumped stealthily into the division lobbies so that hon. members fell to the floor before they ever reached the tellers. Voters could be blinded with a whiff of a suitable lachrymator at the very moment of making their X, so that they could not see who they were voting for. Trade Union leaders pleading the grinding poverty of their members could be enveloped in clouds of laughing-gas and their jeremiads turned into farce.

It is all very well to say that such things could never happen in a civilized country. The military use of gas, whether non-lethal or not, was outlawed by the Geneva Convention in 1925, but the civil powers carry on using it. No bounds have been set for them, and civil powers are not as a rule terribly good at setting bounds for themselves.



"Ever notice how all the criminals seem to look younger nowadays?"

The Efficiency Man

By H. F. ELLIS

SOMETHING white rolled in the gently undulating sea, a few yards out beyond the general mass of bathers.

"It's a fish," one of the ex-bathers said. They sat with towels over their shoulders, hugging their knees, in little groups along the sea-wall, their backs supported by the verandaed bathing huts that fringed its rearward edge. In the near-coma that succeeds a bathe on a day of blazing sun a large fish, dead or alive, so close inshore was acceptable and right. Something to watch, but not to stand up for. Now and again the thing's darker, glistening back appeared for a moment as it rolled, so that one could not say for certain that life was altogether extinct. Perhaps it was ill, or exhausted, or simply sunning its underside.

"Is it a porpoise?" a girl asked.

A porpoise or a dolphin. Nobody on so hot a day cared to remember whether the two terms were synonymous, or mutually exclusive, or whether the one, whichever it might be, enclosed and comprehended the other. More important, the creature was clearly drifting inshore, and any moment now a baldish

man, floating blissfully on his back with his eyes shut, would find himself nuzzling this strange cold companion. That would be good. The meeting would surely show whether there was life in the fish, whether it could still, whatever malaise gripped it, move quicker than a man. Both were belly upwards, so the test was fair.

The two were a bare yard apart and interest in the approaching clash was spreading outwards along the waterfront like the ripples of an idly flung stone when a well-built man, bronzed, erect and wearing those handsome shorts with turn-ups that so surprisingly (to an older generation) prove to be submersible, strode down the sea-wall steps, swam powerfully out to the fish, seized it by the tail, snatching it as it were from under the very cranium of the floating man, and towed it ashore. The fish came quietly, being clearly dead, and in its wake swam or waded a number of curious bathers, hitherto unaware, because of their lower elevation, of the creature's presence. Across the strip of sand and up the steps the gleaner went, his sad five-foot burden bumping behind him, and there

on the sea-wall, in the presence of quite a little crowd of mourners, he laid it down. He did not speak. He had not thought it right, before entering the water, to inquire whether it was the general wish of the spectators that the fish should be brought ashore, nor did he now explain for what purpose he had landed it or what was to be done with it in the immediate future. He simply laid it down and went away. The incident was over. He had done what had to be done, and there an end.

It occurred to me, after I had retraced my steps along the sea-wall and resumed a basking posture, that I had met this man before. At intervals, in a not very adventurous life, he has been there. Masterful, silent or at most monosyllabic, immensely competent, he has turned up out of the blue to take charge, to avert a catastrophe, to resolve some dilemma so baffling that nobody else knew that it was there. Then, like a Homeric god, he has returned to Olympus, leaving us ordinary mortals to wonder who, and what a track showed the upturned sod.

He understands knots and the principle of the lever and can do with one hand in a twinkling what it will take another man half an hour to undo again. Twice at least in my experience, while I have been struggling to shut the

sliding door of a railway compartment, he has come down the corridor in the nick of time and, without pausing in his stride, had it wide open for me. He is skilled at dispatching animals and once, I remember, in my prep-school days he killed a field mouse with a single sharp blow against the heel of his boot, whereas we boys had stood around watching it for a good ten minutes doing absolutely nothing. With a few nails and a hammer he will cure a creaking floorboard that for five years and more has warned the secretaries that the managing director is approaching. In war he is indispensable. Many a time I have known him descend unexpectedly from a staff car and show a fatigue party how, by means of a couple of railway sleepers and a running bowline, to complete by noon a job we had bargained on spinning out for the rest of the day. And always, in war or peace, when the job is done, he departs as mysteriously and as suddenly as he came. He never waits to be thanked.

Brooding on these things on the hot sea-wall, with the sadness that besets a man who will now in all probability never see a bather tangle unexpectedly with a dead porpoise, I could not help wondering whether this character—the Efficiency Man, the man who knows what has to be done and does it—has a

wife, to whom he returns at the end of a well-spent day. And if so, does she share the contempt he must feel for the aimless hesitancy, the doubt, the inertia of the rest of us? "So I had to go in and haul it out myself," I seemed to hear him saying as he mixed his flawlessly proportioned martinis. "They all just stood round gaping." Every evening he would have some trifling incident to relate, some little contretemps remarkable only for the failure of the principals or the bystanders to cope with it. "Nobody had the sense to see that a bit of rope thrown over a branch and tied to the cross-member would lift it clear . . ." "Of course, once I had the main fuse out . . ." ". . . through the scullery window, with a pair of tongs. He was dead by the time I got him out, naturally." And the little woman, listening, would have no option but to reply "Darling!" or "It was wonderful of you to bother" or "But did *nobody* offer to help?"

When I was baked on the upper side I turned over, and at once a thought of some comfort occurred to me. It was impossible, if the man indeed had a wife, that she should live with him year after year without acquiring something of his ready wit, some smattering of his genius for coping. The time must surely come when she would find herself with some blunt instrument, perhaps even a dead porpoise, conveniently to hand and the back of her husband's head within easy reach. She would know what she had to do and, unless his teaching had been entirely wasted, she would do it.

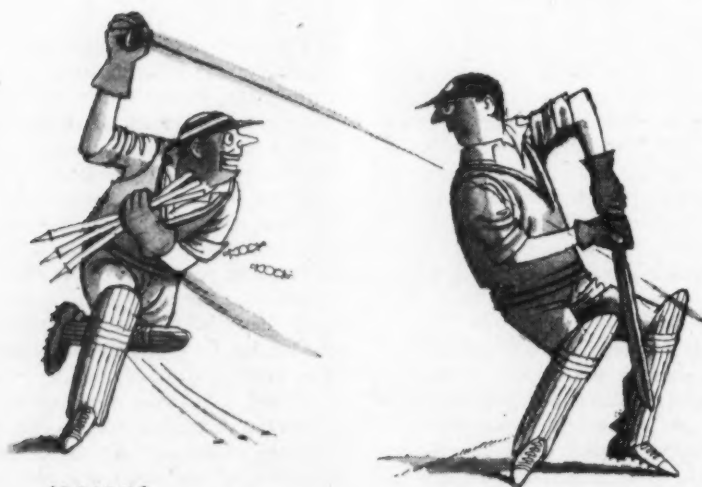
But I don't know. A hot June sun, blazing down on the unnumbered laughter of a not altogether unharvested sea, breeds much unjustifiable optimism.



Another World Than Ours

"There is consternation in the Defence Department here at the disclosure that Canadian other ranks who, up to warrant officer at least, have the highest basic rates of pay in the world, are having difficulty in making ends meet and are getting deeper into personal debt. 'Moonlighting' is becoming prevalent in the capital with off-duty servicemen taking on work as taxi-drivers and petrol station attendants. Some have even been seen in the evenings scrubbing and cleaning private officers while in uniform, in order to earn extra money."

The Times



JONICUS

"Howzat for your memoirs?"

Summer Interlude

By SHEILA BURNFORD

AT Camp Wahawaweo for Girls (on picturesque Pigeon Lake) everything, according to the prospectus, was high—the standards of food, health and sanitation, the situation, the principles and the fees (which were astronomical). Here, under the personal supervision of Mrs. Brunhilda Goresby, aided by a carefully selected group of counsellors, girls forged lasting bonds of campfire fellowship and were at one with the great outdoors. Healthy exercise and carefully planned menus were enjoyed amid scenes of rugged splendour. Nametapes must . . .

I would need at least two bottles of insect repellent, said my aunt, I must be back by September in time for University, and if I were thrown out I must get myself another job.

Mrs. Goresby interviewed me in her wigwam, and looked as though she had been sired by Siegfried out of Brown Owl—a woodsy, valkyrean figure in a blanket with a sort of feather helmet in her hair, and a whistle around her neck. Underneath the blanket she wore the camp uniform of purple shorts and lilac shirt, which was a pity. She seemed repelled by almost everything. "You will be Counsellor to the Seneca Tribe," she told me, "Ugh! Eleven to twelve—a difficult age, Ugh! Camp Wahawaweo does not approve of gum, confession magazines, athlete's foot or skinny dips . . . Ugh!" A reasonable ugh, I thought, but apparently the dips were nude bathes. "I am the Big Chief," continued Mrs. Goresby, "and to-night at the Council Fire we will elect a Little Chief . . ." "How?" I asked, wondering how she would adapt democracy to ensure that a girl with six younger sisters was elected. "How!" she repeated with an impatient wave, "then, after Taps, the Princess of the Pine Tree, who leads the Ceremonial March of the Tribes to bed will be chosen . . ." "How?" I asked doggedly. "Oh, how, how, how!" she snapped with another curt menacing wave, "But will you let me finish—you will

take nature rambles, advanced paddling and smoke signals . . ."

So I never did find out, though some light was shed when she stalked that night to the Council Fire in eagle's feathers and a striped ceremonial blanket. "How!" she intoned to the assembled Senecas, Iroquois and Sioux, raising a majestic arm like the Statue of Liberty. "I bring you the Faggot of Welcome for Wahawaweo Council Fire." And "How, How! Big Chief," we chorused back, crosslegged, clutching our impassive blankets while a tomtom beat softly. "Does the Spirit of Wahawaweo burn brightly in this fire?" she asked. "Ugh!" said the tribes. "And in your hearts?" she inquired searchingly. "Ugh! Ugh!" we grunted in our dedicated way. Then we all put a faggot on the fire and pranced around it. We should have known better at our age.

I lasted two weeks. Brought up in the eager beaver tradition of my aunt I filled every waking minute of the Senecas' day with sixty seconds taken at the run: they had no time for gum or confession magazines; they did not even have time to catch athlete's foot or write complaining letters home. They all lost weight—the parents would misinterpret this, moaned Mrs. Goresby, and implored me to be less conscientious.

Breaking-point came when half the Senecas barricaded themselves in the crafts room and refused to come out and try to lower the previous day's record for the nature ramble—6 miles in 44·56 minutes with a minimum of 14 wildflowers, 4 lichens and 1 reptile. I was ready to smoke them out with Nelson's exhortation on the signal fire under the windows—the parents, the parents, said Mrs. Goresby, fearfully looking over her shoulder as though she expected to see an approaching savage horde, and she so infected me with parent dread that I decided to leave at once before they staked me to an anthill. I handed in my resignation.

In Otter City, I learnt that a Dr.



Zinkheisen wanted someone for a horse, and ten minutes later I had a new job.

Dr. Zinkheisen was a paediatrician. "Come right over," he said on the telephone. A horse whinnied faintly, a voice hissed "I've got you covered . . .", there was a bang, and the receiver was replaced. I raced right over. The waiting room was decorated to the last inch in a Wild West motif—the Crooked Z Ranch—a sand-strewn corral filled with ponyskin horses filled most of it; the attendant mothers occupied saddle chairs which neighed on pressure; the receptionist crouched in a surrey with a fringed canopy, wearing full cow-girl regalia. She peered wordlessly at me from under the brim of a ten-gallon hat and fidgeted with her lasso.

The doctor bounced out of his consulting room, a little round version of the Lone Ranger. "Pretty nice, eh?" he said proudly, waving his arm around so that the wind soughed through the fringes of his beaded buckskin jacket. "You, Mildred, there, take Angie here and fix her up clothingwise." Mildred crept out of the surrey and led me through a door marked "Gals" (the other said "Hombres"), where I was outfitted like Doctor Zinkheisen, but shorter fringes and less beadwork. The boots were terrible, narrow and pointed, with high curving heels, and the spurs had a built-in jingle. I inched painfully into the waiting room. "Goddammit, girly," said Doc, "walk like you lived on a horse—not mincing off to your

first prom in Mom's heels . . ." But I could only mince, so he had them built up along the instep by an orthopaedic shoemaker until I walked on my outside edges like an orang-utan. It was agony, particularly as my job was to lead a pony round and round an outside corral in the parking lot.

Henry, the pony, had disillusioned eyes and a long swivelling neck terminating in a set of large sardonic teeth which he did not hesitate to sink into the seat of my skin-tight jeans as I heaved the infant cowboys and girls on to his back. Nor did he miss an opportunity of treading on my already mutilated feet. I must have walked hundreds of miles round that corral. My only release came on wet days when I sat on an upturned bucket in Henry's shack, comforting my crippled feet in his hot bran mash.

Providentially, Mildred ran amok one day. She drew two water pistols from her holsters, filled them with Friar's Balsam and picked off all the little Wyatt Earps and Daniel Boones on the rocking horses. "Bang, bang!" she said happily, until lassoed by a Roy Rogers with ringworm. I was promoted to the surrey.

Doc's professional technique showed Western influence too. "Stick 'em up!" or "Reach for the sky!" he would snarl from behind a red neckerchief (sterilized), whipping out his stethoscope from one holster or a tongue depressor from the other. The little cowboys banged away with free Crooked Z caps, and the sites of their tearless injections were branded with a Crooked Z rubber stamp dipped in mercurochrome, after a cheerful "Gotta brand thisyar steer," from Doc.

But Higher Authority had its ear to the ground—a nasty lobeless ear, too, belonging to a weasely little man whom I had noticed several times sidling into the waiting room, his shifty eyes sliding over the happy branded little cowboys, but he had always slithered out before I had time to question him. Doc had said he was probably one of those dismal peptic ulcers from Dr. Blick's next door. I only hope he is now.

Doc was summoned to a meeting of Higher Authority. It looked like a clan rally of the Draculas, he said on his return. "Six months' suspension from the Committee of Ethical Eggheads,"

he said gloomily. "Said the branding was advertising, and professionalwise my conduct unbecoming—can you beat that?" He gazed morosely out of the window to the corral. "That god-damned nag," he said, "eating his head off for six months . . ."

Suddenly I loved Henry—he had been tolerant and generous about his mash, and had not stood on my feet for days. He would make a wonderful present for my aunt. "I'll settle for Henry," I said suddenly, "if you'll give me your sheepskin rug and a laundry bag for oats." "Done!" said Doc, brightening, and threw in an old black instrument bag and a golfing umbrella as well. "I'm going to have a space-station waiting-room next year anyway," he said, "those bubble helmets would be dandy noisewise . . ."

I lashed the sheepskin on to Henry's ample back, and stowed the bags up forward, then set off homewards, about 100 miles away. Most of the time I just sat and massaged my feet while Henry ambled along. When it rained I put up the umbrella.

I only slept out once, for Henry was afraid of the dark and breathed soggly and resentfully down my neck all night. After that I stayed in farms. Everyone was very kind. One day I narrowly escaped delivering twins when a distraught farmer saw my black bag and tried to rush me into the farmhouse, and another time I was swept into a field with a posse of ponies and found





"Which Embassy's this?"

myself taking part in a gymkhana, but apart from this nothing exciting happened.

My aunt was delighted with her present. "Just what I wanted," she said, and I wondered why. I soon found out. I awoke next morning to find Henry being led into my bedroom, two floors up. She had read, explained my aunt, that it was ridiculously easy to lead a horse upstairs, but virtually impossible to bring it down again—"Ugh!" I said unhappily, thinking of Henry as my stable mate—and, continued my aunt, she wanted to try for herself . . .

"How?" I asked, and even as I spoke my hand rose automatically in the Wahawaweo greeting. I noticed with horror that my forearm was covered in freckles.

Names

A, a noble failure, turns his critical wits on B, Who has sold out to Fleet Street, Wardour Street, Bouverie Street and Kingsway, whose name is on Posters and television screens and a number of lips.

B, an ignoble success, patronizes A (good work in the Provinces, lots of children, rarely answers B's long Clever letters . . .), whose name is occasionally seen at The foot of a stringent review in a non-paying organ.

Meanwhile the rest of the alphabet smile to themselves, Who never write anything, who only work five days a Week, eight hours a day, who are assured of a pension, Whose names are on monthly cheques, who have succeeded.

— D. J. ENRIGHT

"Isn't he from the church across the street?"



Sweet Daddy

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

I WAS essaying a traverse of the treacherous north col of the uppermost heights of Hampstead Heath the other afternoon (the Bull and Bush was behind me, but I still had to get past Jack Straw's Castle) when there was a sudden downpour of such Old Testament severity that I was reminded of my second baptism.

The first baptismal ceremony had been conventional enough: there was a gentle sprinkle of water from clerical fingertips above a suburban font, and after I stopped crying I posed in my lace gown for a familial box camera on the church steps. Were it not for the yellowed snapshot, which records eyes so beady and close-set in a head so

simiously low of brow and pointed of cranium that I have always tried to avoid Darwinian controversy, the occasion might be difficult to remember. The second ceremony was more recent and is impossible to forget.

At the time, I was a reporter in Baltimore, the home of more than a million souls whose position just below the Mason-Dixon Line had enabled them to retain some of the eroded charm of the South while adopting many Northern innovations, such as traffic jams and smog. But the day I remember whenever involuntarily saturated was an old-fashioned blue and golden day in August. There was not much going on in the way of murders and women's clubs' luncheons,

so the editor of local news had sent me to learn about Bishop Charles Manuel Sweet Daddy Grace.

I found him on the veranda of the terrace-house of one of his Baltimore disciples or agents. Sweet Daddy Grace, as I was instructed to address him, was a majestic, tall, elderly, pale Negro with grey ringlets that fell to his shoulders, a waxed small black moustache, and mandarin fingernails, two inches long, lacquered in horizontal red, white and blue stripes; he was wearing a black silk skull-cap and academic robes, a Hawaiian hand-painted silk tie, and a thick gold ring mounting a diamond the size of a miracle; he was lying back in a canopied, upholstered swing; and he was being fanned by two pretty young hand-maidens in white silk blouses and red velvet shorts. By comparison, Prince Monolulu, in my mind's eye, seemed austere.

During the interview I asked Sweet Daddy Grace where he was from and he rolled his eyes skywards. "I am from up there," he said in a mellifluous West Indian voice. "I am also from Portugal. I am the founder of the House of Prayer for All People." One of his church elders, who was standing in attendance in the shiny-visored cap of a chauffeur, spoke of three hundred affiliated churches from coast to coast with 4,500,000 members. "Sweet Daddy Grace, he owns a whole block of 125th Street, in Harlem, and El Dorado, the tallest apartment house in the world," the elder added in a manner that was at once hagiolatrous and businesslike. "You *know* it!" Sweet Daddy Grace acknowledged with a nod and a beatific smile.

"I travel constantly from state to state, a week at a time in each," he said, as though explaining his success. "I will tell you some of the sayings of Sweet Daddy Grace." He recited a few fragments of his personal apocrypha at dictation speed. "I'm not religious," he said; "I'm godly. When I open my mouth it's the Bible coming out. I am before Genesis and beyond Revelation. I take beasts and make people out of them—and I'm the only man that can do it, too."

He said he had stopped the second world war by means of choral singing in Alaska in 1945, and he could prevent another war, because while he was

preaching no hostile aircraft were physically able to fly over United States territory. He said he might extend his protection to cover other countries as well, if they approached him properly.

I was reminded of another Harlem evangelist, Father Divine, whose slogan, "Peace, It's Wonderful!" had helped so notably to enrich him and his companions whom he called his "Angels" in the 'thirties. Had Sweet Daddy Grace ever been an associate of Father Divine's? I asked. Sweet Daddy Grace smiled and said he would have liked to go on chatting all day, but unfortunately his people were waiting for him to conclude his Baltimore convocation as it was almost time to be getting on to Washington.

Sweet Daddy Grace, in a black Cadillac inscribed in letters of gold, "Official: El Dorado," led his procession of limousines to the meeting hall. His private charabanc, "The Grace Parlor Coach," and his mobile dispensary of hot dogs, ice cream and soda pop were parked there already. There were about 4,000 people in the street. There was some fervent dancing to the music of Sweet Daddy Grace's Shout Band (two tubas, two trombones and a cornet), the sort of activity sure to work up a prodigious thirst in Baltimore on an August afternoon, and refreshments were being sold briskly under the banner that proclaimed "Grace Royal Vitamin For You."

Elders wandered about selling Sweet Daddy Grace lapel-buttons from trays. "This is a privilege button," one of the vendors told me as he pinned one to my seersucker jacket. "Wear this always, and, wherever you go, no matter who you meet, you will always be the boss." Wear it always, I was advised, and no situation would ever get out of hand.

The band followed Sweet Daddy Grace into the crowded hall for a brief, powerful musical sermon. Then Sweet Daddy Grace opened a brown paper bag and distributed "Heavenly Toast," by throwing tiny triangles of it, buttered, all over the hall, and his excited congregation responded by showering the stage with dollar bills. Sweet Daddy Grace, with both fists full of money, leaned close to the microphone and said, "I hate to quit, to leave this here, because this here's so nice." But it was time to go outside to his silver throne for the climactic ritual.

Police had helpfully cordoned off about two hundred yards of the street and two of Sweet Daddy Grace's assistants were crouching in the middle of it with a fire hose.

"All you folks are not baptized yet, till I baptize you!" he announced through another microphone in front of his throne. "I am going to change the water in the hose from Baltimore water to Jordan water. I am going to change it now." He looked at his jewelled wristwatch for half a minute and then shouted, "Pro-ceed!"

His assistants held the nozzle of the hose almost vertical, like a mortar, close to the ground. A strong white jet of water spurted high and fell widespread,

and the people underneath shrieked with joy and danced in the spray as the Shout Band played faster.

I was standing a few yards behind the hose. That was the moment, I believe, when Sweet Daddy Grace noticed me. Apparently he had not forgiven the question about Father Divine. Anyway, whatever the reason, that was the moment when he suddenly ordered his assistants to aim the hose in the opposite direction.

That is why when I squelched into Jack Straw's Castle the other afternoon with water dripping from my hair I was muttering complaints about my Sweet Daddy Grace "privilege button." It has never worked.



"Damn depressing, all these chaps talking about making farming pay."

PICASSO

A Salute from
his Contemporaries

With apologies
from Ronald Searle to :

1. *Henry Moore*
2. *Graham Sutherland*
3. *John Bratby*
4. *Augustus John*
5. *Francis Bacon*
6. *L. S. Lowry*



1



2



3



5



6

Gwyn Thomas's School Days



2. Grace and Gravy

I would, on balance, given a better eye and a stronger wrist, have preferred to be a wood-chopper rather than a teacher. At least the blocks and faggots do not walk around with your traumas notched in decorative designs all over them. Nor do they need school dinners.

IN the second school at which I taught the eating scheme when I got there was strictly out of Gorki. The dining-hall was the school library, a small, gloomy room. The books themselves did not help. They fell into two main types. Books like *Old Saint Paul's* and *Last of the Barons* and *The Drunkard's Dream* donated by a school governor who was not much for reading himself but who was for other people's reading being wholesome. The other section of the library had been the personal property of a past master, an eccentric polymath who had not been able to resist any volume of over five hundred pages. He had gone through life awaiting the revelation of something tremendous. In some lump of leather-bound wisdom he was convinced he would find it and, when found, it would release him from loneliness, stupidity, chalk and fear. When he died he was alone, reading, apparently unsatisfied and insensate. He had no money to leave; it had all gone on books. These had been dispatched to us by his landlord, a man who preferred his thoughts rare and slim. The books now provided half the framework for the dinner-scheme, and there had rarely been a sharper, sadder declension of dignity. Bored diners often used the heavier of these books as weapons, and my first act of first-aid was a whiff of ammonia to a boy who had been felled by Frazer's *Golden Bough* while trying to snatch a larger slice of apple charlotte, and I am still trying to figure what Frazer would have made of that.

The cooking was done in a minute crypt, a scaly niche. How three women, deliberately chosen on the small side, with their stoves and raw material could find space in such a galley was a daily miracle. They would stand back to back, making only the smallest chopping movements, and revolving slowly in order to avoid being excessively roasted in any one place. When they fainted that usually meant that

the stuff was done. The kitchen remained like a kiln for a good hour after the switching off of the stoves, and on their way home the cooks were often heard to laugh together on an unnaturally high key. They were sometimes thought to be crazy or given to immoral sorts of joking. They were not. They were just cool and glad to be out of that firing chamber.

About the quality of the food I knew nothing. I found the contrast between witless diners and overly pensive books too shocking to the nerves to allow me to eat. My barometer was a boy in one of the far corners. Whenever I saw him catching a peep at *Saint Paul's* between the courses I knew he had been depressed beyond measure. If he picked up *The Drunkard's Dream* he had reached a climax of disgust and had now decided to leave school and go over full-time to depravity.

In 1947 we were given a new dining hall. Even in that mean period there were audible notes of grim inadequacy about this structure. It was prefabricated and was assembled almost as quickly as the first meal. The new kitchen, by comparison with the priest-hole in which the cooks had previously worked, was vast. It was also electrified and the cooks lived in a whirl of instructions. More than once one saw them diligently reading a plate of tart and pouring custard over a handbook. It took them weeks to break the habit of the old fire-dance and resume the type of easy amble natural in kitchens. The dining-hall took a slice out of the rugby field, and until we taught the faster and less observant wings to choose only the softer parts of the building to crash into we had to study methods of getting the best out of concussed players.

The new hall was taken by some as a chance to purge the dinner scheme of the squalor and casualness that had marked the sessions in the library. There was an immediate doubling in the number of diners, and that marked the first step taken by eating towards primacy in the set-up of the school. The old dining-room had been so tiny the boys had to be admitted in small clutches, and even with the limited over-all number the process of feeding them was as slow as a transfusion. In

the new place two big sittings saw the multitude replete. For a fortnight after the opening the county meals supervisor threw in what she thought were some gracious details but they were too rich for the blood of the Hogarthian crew who still lived in the stained shadow of the old régime. Bright tablecloths and pots of flowers created little but confusion among those who thought of school feeding in plain and penitentiary terms. Some tended to regard the flowers as part of the first course and I have yet to find eight boys who can sit around a small table without feeling at once impelled to play the fool with the cloth. They will quietly remove it if only to create a clearer racket with the cutlery.

The reactions of the staff were interesting. There had been no formal act of grace in the old dining-room. The

place did not suggest a need for gratitude and when you set eyes on the average platoon of diners in the half-lighted cavern a blessing was the last thing you felt like giving them. In the new place one at least had the sense of a congregation, an occasion. So a proper formula of commencement had to be found. A school with a mossier tradition would have had recourse to some inscrutable bit of Latin, but every splinter of the dynamited nonconformist conscience was represented on the staff, and they wanted things made very plain even at the expense of banality. So masters were told to play it any way they thought fit. One or two of the less obtrusive, who did not want God dragged into a question that affected the rates, just muttered into the gale of diners settling down, and the grace slipped into a pre-Augustine gloom. One or two



"Two days ago, she suddenly went beat on him."

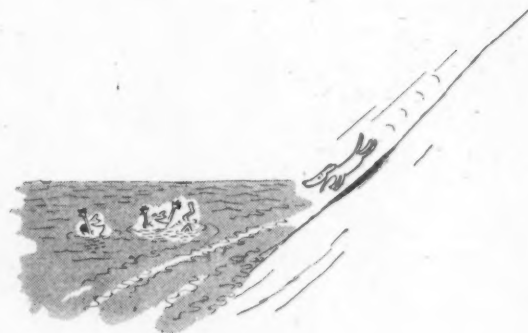
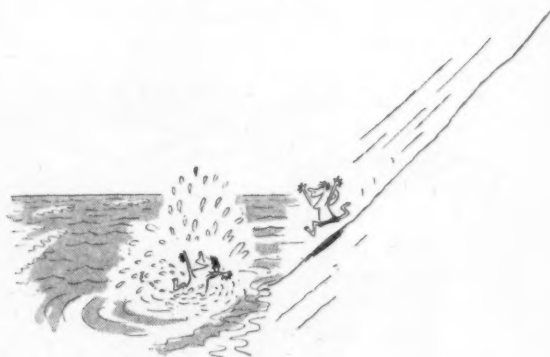
with sharply anti-dogmatic views couched the grace in a vagueness bordering on code. A few reactionary orators took the chance of appending to the basic religious message some thoughts about Welfare States and dinner schemes, urging boys to eat at home and to force their mams to keep out of factories, and to chew well to avoid the need for dentures which the crazed State would be eager to press on them at fifteen or under. And there was a small group of my colleagues genuinely impressed by the bounty of the County Council, the size of the kitchen, the coloured prints on the wall, showing such events as the landing of the Danes, the knighting of Raleigh, and they kept harping on the theme of miracles until a tapping of spoons from the far corners told them to cut it out and get the potatoes rolling.

The building lost sweetness with a theological haste and finality. The concrete blocks became dirty and discoloured as if mothered by Manchester. Condensation proceeded at the same rate as at Wookey Hole, a wet cave. Slower moving pupils had to be kept wiped and warmed at the first signs of petrification. The tables and benches were frail and a whole age away from those ponderous refectories where the fittings were meant to keep the food and diners off the floor. Our benches were collapsible for the convenience of the cleaners and proved it even when the cleaners were nowhere around. Boys got used to eating at swiftly changing levels and conversation never flagged as the angle of the bench-leg switched from nought to ninety.

The appetites of boys vary. There are boys who would barter a cooked dinner for a custard pie any day; boys on whom the smell of cabbage and the sight of meat have some kind of curdling effect. Balancing these lads you have the natural pythons who will scoop all unwanted stuff on to their own plates. I have even seen some of these artists with the food piled up on their plates to the height of one foot, and they do not so much swoop down on it as bore their way through it. There are few things more unsettling than to see a face appear suddenly through a wall of potato. These boys sit through afternoon school, still as stones, their eyes like glazed buttons, their minds at the Pole. On one occasion the Head saw a boy put away so much potato he had him sent to the Pest Officer to be examined for the red and yellow stripes of the Colorado beetle. The boy fainted while trying to keep track of all this irony.

The young, they say, want affection. They also want gravy. And in our dining-hall they got it. The floor got it as well. Small gravy boats were used and the appointed waiter at each table, also known as a runner, would wear himself out going back and forth to the hatch getting them filled up. The gravy would spill as the runners grew giddy and pools of the stuff would have whole groups of boys with loaded plates figure-skating around the sharper bends while the diners prepared to duck if the plates got out of control. I have rarely seen a set of eaters work so close to the food as that lot. One member of the staff who was against the dinner scheme demanded that we be utterly frank and have the gravy delivered by bucket. Another, a talented mechanic, claimed that he would fit up each table with a gravy-pump. Another emigrated to a robust new country where there was no dinner scheme.

Next week: Flannelled Fool



Ode

Concerning the American Constitution

O THE great American Constitution,
On which the wise men worked so many hours!
O the great American Constitution!

But how much better if they'd copied ours.
O the great—but space does not permit,
And hereinafter let us call it IT.
No man can open any single book
And say "The British Constitution! Look!"

It's everywhere,
In cellars, in the air;
Old cases, half-forgotten laws
Will always give the rebel pause,
Some dusty clause he didn't know was there.
And yet if change is wanted in the land
Our castle is as supple as the sand,
And all the liberties we love the best,
The institutions too,
Could be by Parliament itself suppressed
In a week or two.

But IT was built, a solid block,
Of hard unmalleable rock

To stand for ever—
A pity, for what man can see
Exactly all that is to be?

We're not so clever:
A pity, for some changes would,
If you will pardon me, be good.

Well, I confess some personal objections
To all the palaver of Presidential Elections.

Gee, what a goddam complicated way
To find a fella 100 per cent O.K.!
Like distant thundering, two years before
We hear the first of this quadrennial bore—

Distant mutters
From Senator Sutters,
Long reports
On Governor Schwarz—
Then there's Attorney Blow,
Dark horse of Idaho:

Then suddenly, it seems, it's *on*:
Sinatra's won in Oregon,
Sol Richardson is sweeping Cincinnati,
And Blow has knocked the stuffing out of Gatti.
But when you think "They hate each other hearty"
You find they all belong to the same damn party!
It's Eccles calling Amory a villain,
And Butler at the polls against Macmillan.

Then in both camps
There's a rough house called a Convention:
They act like tramps

And it's all too silly to mention.
Now Schwarz is kissing Moot,
And Richardson loves Root,

They close their ranks for the big campaign,
And the darn thing seems to start all over again.
Meanwhile, Washington goes into a kind of coma
For fear of offending the people of Oklahoma,

Daren't open its mouth
Because of the South,
Daren't say Boo to a Gypsy
For fear of Mississippi

And the world must wait for the great
American Constitution.

Two years in every four they suffer this petrification,
So half the time the United States is practically out of
action.

But we're a slick, swift-working nation:
We gave two days to the Abdication.

If things look sinister,
If the people press,
We get a new Prime Minister
In a month or less.

If the guy at the White House
Turns out to be a louse,
It takes four years—or murder:
And what could be absurder?

— A. P. H.



Frying To-night

By E. S. TURNER

THE White Fish Authority is an authority not only on white fish but on elegance. Everyone knows its peppy advertisements which say: "It's smart to have a party with fried fish and chips. Visit the man in your fried fish shop."

Even in darkest Bedfordshire, or more specifically in the villages of Aspley Guise and Woburn Sands, they know that it is smart to eat fish and chips, but what happens? The Ampthill Rural Council regards a fried fish shop as only one step removed from a

maison tolérée and has refused permission to open one.

The fish and chips industry, which uses more than a third of Britain's white fish catch, is now fighting on several fronts. It is still battering (battering is the word) against what one of its leaders, fifty years ago, called "walls of prejudice thicker than the walls of Jericho"—hear that, Ampthill?; and it is trying to persuade some of its more old-fashioned members to provide a less Hogarthian ambience.

The real enemy of the trade, as of

everybody's trade, is of course television. A smart frier will consult the timetables and audience ratings of the leading ITV shows, as thoughtfully supplied by the White Fish Authority, in order to fix frying times to his best advantage. The really smart frier, however, contrives to sell even at the height of "The Army Game," by organizing an evening delivery service. The viewers are never so obsessed that one of them will be unable to grope backwards to the door and extend a hand to take in a white-wrapped fibre container.

Note that fibre container. That is how fish and chips are being dispensed nowadays. The law says that food may no longer be wrapped in Rectors' Lapses and Models' Overdoses. Indeed, there are many establishments where the rule is "Not a newspaper in the place." This will not stop the British Travel people from telling American tourists to be sure to eat their fish and chips hot from the headlines; it takes at least a generation to kill a joke.

A fried fish shop (*sans chips*) of Dickens' day was not a subject for sentiment. The Lucifer who stoked the coals looked on ventilation as mere decadence. Around him were the rich smells of underground slaughter-houses, livery stables, beer cellars, gin palaces and overstocked crypts, and he may well have thought the stench of exhausted cotton-seed oil was Chanel by comparison.

By about 1900, however, the public nose was growing fastidious. The history of fish and chips, at this stage, becomes one of protests and prosecutions, punctuated by frequent fire alarms. For their protection, the leaders began to band together. In 1907 the authorities gained power to declare fish frying an offensive trade. That they were frustrated was due to impassioned lobbying at Westminster and the friers' own policy of self-improvement.

Between the world wars there was, in an unfortunate phrase, "a continuous flow of new blood into the frying industry." Social workers did not cease to deplore how the rich gold of Public



"Admittedly the sea's polluted, but you can't smell it for the fish and chips."

Assistance was poured into the pockets of the friers, how the feckless poor weaned their babes on to greasy chips; but George Orwell has said that fish and chips was one of the safety valves which saved the country from bloody revolution.

In 1939, according to the more cynical social workers, it was the absence of fish and chips shops in rural areas—perhaps even in Aspley Guise and Woburn Sands—which wrecked the Government's evacuation scheme. The urban friers did their best; a Birmingham trader earned himself a headline by regularly sending fish and chips to former customers evacuated to Hereford.

The year 1940 was a crucial one, but the trade received generous allocations and Lord Woolton beamed on a poster saying "Fried Fish and Chips—An Excellent War-Time Meal." Here and there it was still possible to buy one pennyworth of chips, but it wasn't so easy in Scotland after the Italian friers had been swept into captivity.

It was during the war that the sign "Frying To-night" became an institution. So many G.I.s were introduced to fish and chips that it was thought the fashion would spread at last to America ("Frying To-nite"). Not so long ago an English fish and chip shop was opened, with much publicity, in New York. But the answer to the question, "Will the Hot Dog be Dethroned?" is, briefly, No.

About 1950 there was a false boom in fish frying in Britain. At its height there were some 25,000 friers, since when 8,000 have run down the shutters. In the Army it was sometimes said of a fumbler that "He couldn't even run a fish supper shop," but it was evident that the task called for more talent than was suspected.

Most of the socially penetrable areas, including the new towns, have now been penetrated, but in 1958 Eton successfully resisted an attempt to open a fish supper shop in its High Street, between a book shop and a dress shop. No regard seems to have been paid to the desires of Eton boys. At the back of the controversy may have been a fear that the battles of to-morrow might well be lost in the fish and chips shops of Eton.

The best place for a fish and chips shop, both strategically and hygienically,



is on a corner. This ensures cross-ventilation, and additional extraction is achieved by chimney-high flues or underground ducts. The well-equipped shop will have an infra-red cabinet for keeping cooked food warm; it may have those fashionable chickens on spits; it may have tables and chairs; and it may have a flashing sign. It will be run by

"a lively wide-awake man" full of goodwill to all but the owners of mobile fish supper shops which halt in his radius. He is trying to educate his customers not to eat fish and chips in buses (there was a big row over this in Great Yarmouth, where a conductor was injured through slipping on a chip) but he will supply fish suppers for consumption in a customer's own Jaguar.

It is symptomatic of the modern frier's concern for his prestige that in 1953 the owner of a mobile shop sued the Showmen's Guild for ruling that possession of this equipment did not entitle him to membership. He could have fallen back on the fact that he also operated Dodgems, but he preferred to fight as a fish and chips man; and he won.

On the research front the most interesting news for some time is that a firm in Cleethorpes has been exporting deep-frozen fish and chips meals to some sixty-six foreign countries whose shores (if any) are unblessed by cod, haddock or plaice. Special potatoes are used to withstand the crystallizing effects of quick freezing. "At the end of a tiring day," reported *The Times*, "the exile can take his packet of fish and chips from the ice-box, warm it in the oven and within half an hour have a meal that could not be bettered at the sign of 'Frying To-night' back in England." It's smart to eat fish and chips, even in exile.

Literary Pitfalls

By ALEX ATKINSON

I SYMPATHIZE with the teenage girl who was recently said to have been so influenced by reading *Crime and Punishment* that she stole £507 from her employers to give to the World Mental Health Organisation, because quite apart from what happened to me after my first encounter with *Ulysses*, I have been a martyr to this kind of thing ever since, at a very tender age, I lugged a footstool and a broken card-table all the way down to a kind of cave in some cliffs on the banks

of the Mersey and set up house like Mole. I remember that I even went to the extent of laying in the appropriate tinned sardines and hard biscuits: not being too clear about precisely what constituted a German sausage, and not fancying beer, I made do with a bacon sandwich and a bottle of tap-water. Thus provided, I looked forward to a life of blissful ease, far from the tedium of long division and regular baths, with nothing to do but potter about my little home keeping things snug and tidy, and

listen to the field-mice carolling outside my door each Christmas. And indeed, my underground existence was halcyon enough while it lasted; but when the three long hours had passed it occurred to me to wonder whose leg Kenneth Grahame thought he was pulling. No kindly Water Rat came to share my victuals, no Mr. Badger paid a solemn call; and as the shadows lengthened I became more and more convinced that I would die of fright if I did happen to catch sight of either of these creatures, with or without hats or coats. Besides, there wasn't a willow for miles around, what wind there was whistled harshly through the spokes of a rusty bicycle wheel half buried in a nearby litter of nettles and flotsam, I couldn't open the sardine tin, I didn't *want* sardines, the floor of my house was too squelchy for comfort, and altogether I was secretly delighted when some interfering neighbours saw fit to drag me off home, kicking and screaming. All the same, I read another chapter that night, and went to sleep planning the theft of a motor-car.

For some time after this my literary temptations were interrupted while I submitted myself to the joint influences of Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix and Dr. Fu Manchu. (This latter chap was far more impressive in the silent serials than in the talkies, as any connoisseur will tell you.) With these three heroes in mind I went about for months alternately jumping bravely over cliffs on an imaginary horse, clad in my aunty's wide-brimmed hat and a sweat-scarf, and springing out of dark alleys

at people with my eyes screwed up and my finger-nails sharpened to long points, swift and silent as a cat and ready to chloroform anyone at a moment's notice with my wad of cotton-wool soaked in green ink. As I recall it, the chief results of this Hollywood period were two sprained ankles and a punch on the jaw, and during my convalescence I turned again to the printed word. To be precise I read *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* and a novel by Ethel M. Dell, belonging to my mother.

As a result of this I became well and truly mixed, I don't mind telling you. Apart from sitting very strong and silent in the school bicycle-shed at play-time, smoking a pipe and pretending not to notice that the girls were all dying for me to rush them off into some desert and buy them sweets, I had a tendency to tie people up, lay them on top of a bundle of firewood, invite them to say a prayer or make a gallant gesture, and set fire to them. I don't think many of them actually burned to death, because I never seemed to have enough matches to do more than warm the end of one of the faggots; still, it was stimulating work, and my first experience of practical religion.

The next thing that happened was that some fool lent me *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, and after I had pestered all the chemists in the neighbourhood without avail ("My mother says can I have a small packet of opium as I've got a nasty cut on my knee") I picked five Californian poppies from my uncle's garden under cover of darkness and ate them in the privacy of my

bedroom between two thin slices of madeira cake spread with margarine. I was sick, but I had a fascinating opium dream about being carried off by a great big bird, so it didn't turn out too badly in the long run.

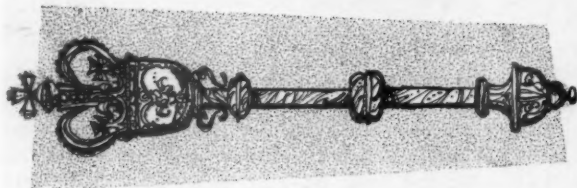
Through the *Looking Glass* chiefly affected my vocabulary. I called all my enemies slithy toves to their faces for a solid month, and made such determined use of the words Nohow and Contrariwise that at last even my friends (I still had two) took to throwing my cap on to the roofs of passing tramcars or emptying their fountain pens all over my homework. I was also moved by a stirring early passage in this same book to hurry down to breakfast one morning without letting my feet touch the stairs, and to this day I am likely, after a few beers, to show perfect strangers the mark the hall-stand left on my shin.

In later life I remained as impressionable as ever, but I managed to achieve a certain wariness. I wasn't caught out, for instance, by either Balzac's *Droll Stories* or the *Swiss Family Robinson*, and it wasn't until *Ulysses* that I had another really serious lapse. As I have already hinted, *Ulysses* definitely got me—it was far worse than *The Old Man and the Sea* many years later, when I only just stopped myself in time from setting out to hunt sharks off Polperro in an open boat, with pilchards for bait and my last will and testament sewn to the lining of my Harris tweed jacket. Far worse. I can remember my mother's angry voice now, reverberating through the kitchen as she stood in the doorway in her nightie. "Now look here!" I hear her shout. "For the last time, I'm everlasting sick and tired of you bringing your drunken friends in here night after night and talk, talk, talking away until all hours! D'you hear me? And what's that you're making? Cocoa again? My God—d'you think I'm *made* of cocoa?"

I still have something of a passion for cocoa, which seems to me a fair recommendation for Joyce's powerful spell. But to-day it would take a pretty exceptional piece of prose to tempt me to change my ways. For example, I have been reading *Lolita* for some weeks now (I thought it best to be on the safe side and wait until the fuss died down) and so far I haven't felt the slightest inclination to set foot in a motel.



Essence



of Parliament

LABOUR'S day of decision," ran the newspaper headlines, but one seemed to have heard that one before. It is all rather like Sir George Sitwell's reply to the young lady who asked him in vain to contribute towards Self-Denial Week. "For some people," said Sir George, "every week is self-denial week."

Anyway, the decision of most of Labour's recently controversial figures was to stay away. Not a Robens was there, not a Gaitskell, no Crossman, no Crosland. Even Sir Frank Soskice could not tear himself away from playing with his tortoise out at Hampstead, and the battle for the organization of the Friendly Societies was left in the unexciting if somewhat parsonic hands of Mr. Mitchison. The practices of former times, said Mr. Mitchison, were different from those of to-day. "The change to the present practice," he confided to his honourable friends and dearly beloved brethren, "the change," he continued with portentous solemnity, "has happened—er—er—subsequently." It is only fair to admit that this splendid platitude was almost matched from Mr. Wood on the other side of the House, when he asserted of the nuclear programme that "rather than being a cut-back it is deferment of acceleration." Word must have got round that some pretty scintillating things were to be heard at Westminster, for on Tuesday three enormous Russian ecclesiastics, bearded like the pard and hatted like nothing in particular, took up their places in the Distinguished Strangers Gallery to hear the fun. By their side was a little boy who seemed to be reading a school magazine. The Russians sat there wholly impassive until Mr. Fenner Brockway was called upon to ask a supplementary question. There was a rustle of Russian Order Papers. Evidently the little boy had neglected to explain to their Russian reverences that the names of askers of supplementary questions are not printed in the Order Paper. Not finding Mr. Brockway's name they looked at one another with solemn winks, as much as to say "We quite understand how that comes to be so." And indeed accident gave them good reason for their suspicion, for by a strange trick of acoustics some second conversation got picked up on the loud-speaker and threatened to drown Mr. Brockway's plea for liberty. Between whom this ghost conversation took place and what it was about was not altogether clear. Odd words and phrases came through. There seemed to be something about being hot and something about somebody else coming to tea. The Russians, remembering Mr. Cabot Lodge's accusations at the United Nations, smiled knowingly at one another. Mrs. Castle, raising a new and welcome party line, complained that in an affluent society the Government spent disgracefully little on the maintenance of historic houses, and Mr. Parker wanted to know what about Hartlebury House. Lord John Hope had some difficulty in twisting the word "episcopal" round his

tongue in his reply, and the Russians smiled with contempt at such barbarity. They nudged one another. One stuck a finger into his left ear. His neighbour stuck a finger into his right ear. They nodded. Then the Committee Stage of the Finance Bill was called and the Russians had clearly had enough. They rose and stalked out.

Mr. Nabarro mustered seventeen stalwarts—plus himself and Mr. Wise, his fellow teller, eight Tories, five Liberals and six Labour—into the lobby to support his demand for a

Schedule A total abolition of Schedule A—the tax which, according to him, only mugs pay. Then he weighed in on purchase tax. He was in

excellent humour—perhaps too excellent for effective opposition. The House was receptive enough to his plea for the typist's lipstick, but when he went on to claim that purchase tax had "dampened down the domestic demand for motor cars" there were some with memories of the Honiton by-pass who wondered what would have happened had that demand not been dampened. It is twelve years almost to the day since Lord Attlee's government took the tax off travelling lavatories, and the House in general thought that that was enough to be going on with for the moment.

On Wednesday they turned to graver matters and had a row about Skybolt. But since Mr. Watkinson claimed that we had not spent any money on it and Mr. Brown claimed

The Skybolt that it did not exist and both were certainly right, it is not quite clear why they did not just call it a day and leave well alone. He

had not made an agreement, claimed Mr. Watkinson. He had just "prepared the way for an understanding." What fun politicians are and how God made their folly for our delight! How dull life would be if all answered questions as sensibly as Mr. Macleod! There is one politician to-day who seems to be calculatedly trailing all the few coats that he still possesses, and that is the Chancellor. He who has been for so long the darling of the day now seems determined with deliberate but perverse gallantry, like a lightning conductor, to attract to himself all the electricity that he can so that his colleagues who are not Boy Scouts and who are not proposing to retire in the near future may go unscathed. Mr. Harold Wilson, it need hardly be said, found his raising of the Bank Rate "disgraceful." Mr. Douglas Jay thought much the same, and even Cromwellian Mr. Cyril Osborne from Louth and the Conservative back benches wondered if it was necessary to be quite as puritanical as all that or at any rate in quite that way. The Chancellor, like a Cheshire Felix, went on smiling.

The Lords did not make much of a showing with the press on Wednesday. One got the impression that not many of them knew much about it. Lord Silkin seemed to advocate, and

The Lords even the Archbishop of Canterbury hesitatingly to suggest, that no one should be allowed to write for a newspaper unless he

had been given a licence and that then his licence might be taken away if he was a naughty boy. Has a more monstrous suggestion ever been made? There were the usual points about vulgarity, triviality, intrusion on grief, the danger of combines and the rest. Several lords seemed to be mainly concerned that the press did not report their own orations at sufficient length, but there was no single speaker who betrayed the smallest knowledge of how the British press compares with that of other countries for reporting, comment or news coverage. Really, noble lords must do their homework a little better before they talk again on matters of public interest. The press barons in the Lords, like the controversial Socialists in the Commons, made their most powerful comment on the debate by unanimously absenting themselves from it.

—PERCY SOMERSET

In the City



What to Do with Freguls

"WHAT shall I do with my Freguls?" he implored. The use of that abbreviation for Free State Gedulds showed him to be a sophisticate among investors in South African gold shares. What, indeed, should he do? Sell, stick, or buy a few more at the present depressed level of prices? My inquirer is fortunately sitting pretty. He bought his "Freguls" some years ago and they still show him a profit even at the present price. But like most speculative investors he bemoans the profit he could have made had he sold before the "wind of change in Africa" was signalled by Mr. Macmillan.

The full answer to his agonizing conundrum lies well outside the ken of the investment specialists. The mining technician will tell him that within the next three weeks when the June quarterly returns are published, there is likely to be highly encouraging news from Free State Gedulds. Development at this mine is now well and truly in what is known as the "jackpot" area—near the southern boundary where about a decade ago the searching bore-hole drills brought up cores showing immensely rich gold values. When the news is flashed the shares ought to go up—other things being equal (which they seldom are).

The economist, in giving his answer, will probably tell him to be patient and to wait for the inevitable increase in the price of gold. We have been waiting for this for a very long time. The logical arguments are all in favour of such a move and in the fullness of time it will no doubt come. But there is nothing to suggest that it lies within the kind of future that is likely to interest the run-of-the-mill investor. It may be an argument on which to tuck a few long-life gold mining shares in a trust for one's young children; but not—definitely not—for number one.

The prospect for the whole collection of South African shares—gold, diamond and the rest—must be viewed through political lenses. That goes for Rhodesian

copper shares too and also for securities with a Congo flavour, where the lenses should be for very short sight. The recent pace of African events has outstripped that of Pliny's familiar tag "*ex Africa semper aliquid novi*"; except that in the Union of South Africa the "something new" is an inordinately long time a-coming.

There are, however, promising signs. The typical Nationalist is no longer exclusively the farmer, cursing the day when the mining prospector began to change the character and tempo of his patriarchal Voortrekker community. He now is also found among the merchants, industrialists, leaders of banks and insurance companies.

These Nationalists understand the anti-apartheid arguments that were so well put recently by Mr. Harry Oppenheimer, the chairman of the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa in his speech to shareholders—a speech which, in the state of emergency which prevails, deserved more praise for its courage than it received at the moment. He pointed out that the time had long

passed when the urban African could be refused his status as a permanent inhabitant where he lives and works—as may happen under apartheid.

Mr. Oppenheimer spoke of the damaging effect which recent events had had on the markets for South African securities—an effect which he wished could be more generally appreciated in South Africa; and he added "not only have they caused investors to fear for the safety of their holdings, they have evoked a wave of moral indignation against the present South African racial policy." Those views are shared by most of the business leaders in South Africa.

What then of the answer to the holder of "Freguls"? Let it be "stick." To buy now would require more optimism about Southern Africa than can be mustered in Lombard Lane. To sell on any scale could only be done at prices well below the present levels. Those prices allow for the known unfavourable factors in the political situation. They do not allow for the fact that Free State Gedulds is the richest gold mine in the world.

—LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



Back to Bugs

IT landed on the grass at my feet. I'd never seen one alive before, so I couldn't quite believe it. By the time I had the net open, it was up and over the tree tops. "You missed it," my son told me. "What was it?" I had to sit down for a minute. I felt as I've often felt after losing a big trout at the lip of the net. "That," I said, "was a white admiral. It's rather rare."

We'd come for speckled woods, brimstones, and an orange-tip or two—the copper coin of an eleven-year-old's embryonic collection—and, here, unbelievably, was lepidopteral gold. The twenty-three-year gap since I last hunted a butterfly closed with a clang that rang through the wood. "There's another one," my son shrieked. "Give me the net." I missed the second white admiral, too. Two hours later, bloodied by brambles and sweat-streaked, I

slipped the killing-bottle cork away from the folds of the net and watched our first specimen flutter in rapid death-spasm.

The day of that first white admiral is two summers away. Since then I have rediscovered a whole old world. I have found a small basement shop opposite the British Museum where you can buy a quarter ounce of White No. 8 setting pins. In this same entomologist's shop—once visited by Charles Darwin—you can pull out drawer after drawer of immaculate swallow tails, purple hair-streaks, and rare mutations of pale clouded yellows. You can even buy these, but this is something rather like cheating.

Our collection, my son's and mine, is as yet fairly thin. We have only come to terms with twenty-four of the sixty-eight recognized British species. We have a tendency to ignore the commoner kinds like large whites and meadow browns and we have an unnatural number of white admirals. The trouble with that small strip of Surrey woodland where we first found them is that it's like having a private diamond mine.

One thing I'm especially pleased about is that my son seems quite keen on this fascinating hobby. Next year I really think I'll have to get him a net of his own.

—COLIN WILLOCK



DRINKS ON THE LAWN

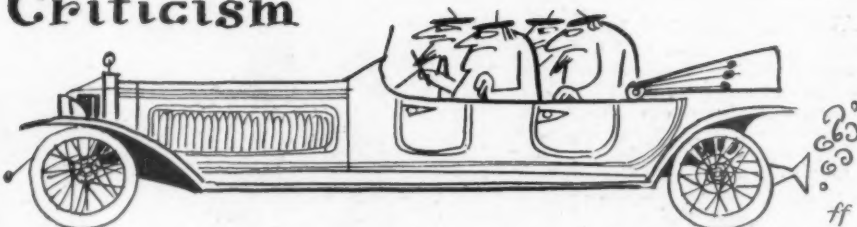
by GRAHAM



"Heavens, it's time we were going."



Criticism



AT THE PICTURES

Village of the Damned *Republic of Sin*

Village of the Damned (now there's a title of nasty idiocy for you. *The Midwich Cuckoos*, John Wyndham's novel on which the film is based, was very precisely named. But this stale essay in galvanism is presumably intended to catch the I-was-a-Teenage-Werewolf audience, and if it does it'll get a coven of disappointed customers. I hope they wreck the cinema). Anyway, *Village of the Damned* (Director: Wolf Rilla) is respectable Science Fiction. Most filmed SF is about thirty years behind its written counterpart, but this isn't. Midwich, an English village, goes suddenly to sleep for four hours one summer day. Everyone who tries to reach it passes out as he crosses an invisible perimeter. Somehow the security forces manage to keep this phenomenon out of the papers. Seven months later every woman in the village capable of childbirth has a ten-pound baby. These infants, blonde, strange-eyed, unnaturally intelligent, emotionless, are proved by a handy professor to share a common mind; what one learns they all know at once. They also can force ordinary

people to do anything, including kill themselves. They use this last power ruthlessly to avenge slight injuries, and soon it becomes clear that they will have to be destroyed.

A lot of SF writers have exploited the apparent innocence of children in this way. It can be very effective, and at moments in the film it is; a huge-eyed tot in a cot forcing his mother to scold herself; all the children's heads turning, click, without a word or sign, to look at something one of them has noticed. Many visual details unconcerned with the children are nicely managed too. It is the details of thought that are missing: if the children are rational and emotionless, why do they indulge their dangerous passion for outrageous revenge? This, and similar points, were covered in the book and could have been dealt with by a couple of remarks. Do the film-mongers believe, even when they are making a reasonably intelligent film like this, that no one in the audience is going to think? Anyway, this attitude, combined with the shirking of the basic moral problem by making the children wholly evil, has turned what might have been a worthwhile film into something slight but enjoyable.

The opposite is true of *Republic of Sin*

(Director: Luis Bunuel), which can be said to be worthwhile, but is neither slight nor enjoyable. (The title-tattlers have been messing about with this too. It was made as *Le Fièvre Monte à El Pao*, and at one point, apparently, they were going to call it *Swamps of Lust*.) It is set on the prison island of a South American dictatorship, and concerns the corruption of a young man struggling for power with which to apply his liberal principles. It seems very long and sweaty to watch, and suffers from its own main virtue. This is powerful use of the camera, which makes the contrast between the corrupt elegance of the rulers and the savage conditions of prisoners and peasants seem so real that the actual plot and characters are shown up as lifeless, stale and tawdry. This was Gerard Philipe's last film, and it is a pity that his easy charm should have been applied to a work for which it was not much use. The politics is mitigated by a certain amount of lust-interest.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Black Orpheus (8/6/60), with its tremendous visual impact, is the most remarkable film in London. The better of the Wilde films, *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (8/6/60) is here too.

The only release reviewed in these pages is *The Third Voice* (23/3/60), a very good murder-with-surprise-ending.

— PETER DICKINSON

AT THE GALLERY

JACOB EPSTEIN:

Fifty Years of Bronzes and Drawings
1909-1959

The Leicester Galleries (closes July 7th) Epstein's art has two fairly separate sides. Of these, that mainly represented in this Exhibition of 80 items was directly inspired by nature, and found expression in portraiture. The other side consisted of a more generalized view of humanity, was executed in a variety of styles over the years, and fulfils the purpose mainly of monuments in public places (some small examples of these are at the Leicester).

I can think of few more sympathetic possessions than a bust by Epstein of some well-loved person near to oneself provided that the man, woman, or child involved was of the type to which the artist responded. Such persons were frequently (but not always) rather more exotic physically than the members of the Nordic



[Village of the Damned]

Three Children—LESLIE SCOBLE, MARTIN STEPHENS, JUNE COWELL

ances usually are. Epstein had no respect for the social status of his sitters but considerable discernment in their individual qualities and appreciation of their physical attributes. Without deviating far from the most conventional technique of sculptural representation he was able to portray people in his own very personal way, and thus produce some of the finest of such works of our time (I have in mind particularly that of Joseph Conrad which has haunted me for the last three decades).

Looking at these vigorous and sensitive sculptures it seems certain that Jacob Epstein in them alone made a permanent contribution to our civilization. Born in New York, trained in Paris, Epstein settled in England fairly early in life. After some struggles and rumpuses about his work the latter inspired by the philistine press, and by no means useless to him, he seldom lacked friends and admirers often influential, or employment in the land of his choice.

The Exhibition is a little disappointing in the drawings *qua* Epstein; drawing is always a clue to an artist's work, and those examples included at least indicate something of Epstein's command of rhythm while lacking that heaviness so often present in "Sculptors' drawings." Some of the very best, however, are not here.

—ADRIAN DAINTRY

Note.—At Agnew's an important exhibition; Rembrandt, Rubens, etc., in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund (closes July 23).

AT THE PLAY

The Taming of the Shrew (STRATFORD)
The Visit (ROYALTY)
Call it Love? (WYNDHAM'S)

IN his production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at Stratford John Barton includes passages from the rival play, published in 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew*, to round out the story of Christopher Sly, who now remains to the end. This gives weight to the idea that the play is for his entertainment, and allows him to go off fired by ambition to reform Mrs. Sly. It is doubtful if the experiment is justified, but at any rate in Jack MacGowran Mr. Barton has a Sly worth entertaining, a richly gawping tinker.

This is otherwise a fairly straightforward production, memorable only because Peggy Ashcroft, coming to the play late in her career, makes a shrew to strike terror into the hearts of men. She is not the kind of shrew who, out of perversity, enjoys being trampled on, but a high-powered termagant who pulls no punches. When she arrives *chez* Petruchio she looks as if she had gone a full fifteen rounds with Floyd Patterson, and when her dinner is whipped away it is more than one can bear. The part is alien to her temperament, but she makes it hers by sheer comic skill; and the lectures to the less disciplined ladies at the end she carries off splendidly.

Peter O'Toole, who is this year's most interesting recruit to Shakespeare, is an



Petruchio—PETER O'TOOLE

Katharina—PEGGY ASHCROFT

[The Taming of the Shrew

unashamedly romantic Petruchio, a little mannered perhaps but equipped with the fire and determination needed to bring Dame Peggy's Katharina to heel. Elizabeth Sellars decorates the thin little part of Bianca charmingly. Paul Hardwick gets amusement from the paternal embarrassment of Baptista, who would have plenty to talk about with Lear. I thought Patrick Wymark much funnier as Grumio than Dinsdale Landen was as Biondello. Mr. Landen's was a straight music-hall act; but others were enchanted by it. The pace was good, and Alix Stone's rustic set, an inn one side and an interior the other, seemed to me an intelligent use of the revolving stage.

The boldly decorated new Royalty theatre has opened with a great whirling of cameras on a macabre melodrama by Friedrich Duerrenmatt that has been given a dazzling production by Peter Brook but is simply not good enough for the Lunts. Although Lynn Fontanne fills out her part magnificently, on close inspection it turns out to be no more than a series of highly theatrical attitudes, too empty and artificial to engage the skill of so fine an actress. As the victim of her absurd and fantastic revenge Alfred Lunt is in the better tactical position and is almost moving, but even

he cannot quite overcome the emotional falsities of melodrama.

A village girl who has made very good by marrying an industrial empire returns in middle age to her birthplace, a small German town that for years has been in the throes of a mysterious depression. She is a tiresome woman, who arrives by pulling the communication cord of an express, and who travels with a black panther, a coffin, and a sedan chair carried by two reprieved American murderers, and soon she shows herself to be an evil one. She offers an enormous sum of money to the town on condition that her first lover, who betrayed her, is killed; and she admits that it was she who, years back, had bought up the pencil-works, the foundry and the oil-field and broken them in tortuous preparation for this triumphant return. Her old mother is now the most popular citizen in the town, and her offer is rejected scornfully. But she stays on, calling for cigars in a deep voice and sitting superbly clad on a balcony, an uneasy reminder to the townspeople of the wealth that could be theirs. Gradually the idea of big money corrupts them. They begin to live on credit and run up debts; until at last they talk themselves into believing it their duty to execute their terrified friend. The schoolmaster, a tortured man of integrity, gives

way, and the job is done. The play ends as it began, at the railway station, in a gesture at once theatrical and meaningless, when the murderess walks in the blackest weeds behind the coffin, now filled and borne aloft by the two American gangsters.

Her character is quite flat. She still appears to love her victim, more or less. We are given no indication of how mad she is; we only know that it seems an exceedingly oblique way for so rich and ruthless a woman to go about revenge. The cynical assumption that all men have their price strikes me as unfair to the human record; it would have been truer and far more effective if the school-master had continued to stand out.

All the same, the play is worth seeing, for as much as the Lunts, with their infinite accomplishment, can make of it, for Peter Brook's brilliant manipulation of its effects, and for several supporting performances, notably those of George Rose as the Burgomaster and Brian Wilde as the school-master.

Wyndham's is a theatre with a reputation which will gain nothing from *Call it Love?*, a hotchpotch without taste or wit. Its four scenes reflect the different amatory fashions of 1880, 1912, 1927 and 1960. Had they had a great deal more point and economy these might have made revue sketches; as it was one waited for some special justification to reveal itself, but it never came. To give a little more substance each scene was introduced, rather irrelevantly, by a song and dance to Sandy Wilson's music. I have no wish to be unkind to a new author, Robert Tanitch,

REP. SELECTION

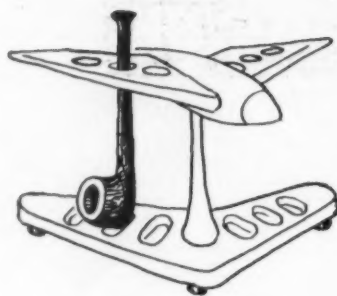
Dundee Rep., *Dear Brutus*, until July 9th.
Bromley Rep., *Five Finger Exercise*, until July 2nd.
Castle Farnham, *This Thing Called Love*, until July 2nd.
Marlowe, Canterbury, *A Clean Kill*, until July 2nd.

but on cold consideration the half-hour devoted to 1912 and the irresolution of an idiotic couple about to elope must rank among the least profitable I have ever spent in the theatre. And that is saying much. At one point, when the young male moron suggested action, stalls and gallery joined in encouragement, but the danger passed, and at the end the curtain-calls were wisely limited. The only consolations in an evening of appalling archness were Lally Bowers' skill in burlesque and a certain amount of promise in the young people concerned.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
Candida (Piccadilly—22/6/60), good revival. *Dear Liar* (Criterion—22/6/60), witty play from the G.B.S.—Mrs. Patrick Campbell letters. *The Caretaker* (Criterion—11/5/60), Donald Pleasence in a clever Pinter.

—ERIC KEOWN



ON THE AIR

The Street Laid Bare

IT was courageous of ATV to launch a series with a newspaper background, for Fleet Street men (a sceptical bunch at the best of times) are always ready to pour scorn on attempts to portray them going about their daily work. And indeed the vast majority of such attempts, in light literature as well as on the big and little screens, have been twopence coloured, threepence raving mad. "Deadline Midnight," with the watchful advisory eye of Arthur Christiansen upon it, shows encouraging signs that its fantasies will not be too extravagant. The aim seems to be to develop a kind of newspaper "Emergency—Ward 10" (I am one of the dwindling minority who stubbornly regard the latter as so many glossy lumps of *Peg's Paper* romance unevenly sprayed with the magic powder of earnest documentary, but no matter), and so far I see no reason why a lasting success on these lines should not emerge. The novelty lies in the fact that the action springs directly from the work of the newspaper: we are not simply presented with a weekly thickener melodrama into which the traditional "hard-boiled" reporters are clumsily introduced, to solve a crime before the foolish cops or save the world from war by necking with lady spies and shooting master-minds. This is good. Although we will no doubt be served an occasional helping of that uneasy sentimentality which seems inevitable in any treatment of the world of newspapers (the *Daily Blab* is rough and tough, but by God it has a heart, and it can cry), I feel sure that with care and honest effort the series can be made interesting, entertaining and informative. I hope one week we may see the paper's TV critic, for example, coping at a cocktail party with the unexpected arrival of the powerfully-built contralto whom he has slated in his column that very morning. I am glad to say, in this connection, that the acting up to now has been acceptable all round, with no tiresome star build-up. Hugh Rennie's production is unadventurous but sound.

I cannot completely believe in the central character, Det.-Inspector Mitchell, in "The Days of Vengeance" (BBC). This

fanatical cop-figure, hitherto chiefly confined to a class of American books about urban crime, somehow does not ring true in an otherwise run-of-the-mill English thriller. The policeman with an obsessional hatred of criminals (I imagine he is rare) would make an intriguing character for a novelist or serious playwright to tackle, but in the present case he is out of place. Either we must have a fully-rounded study of the man, or we will be happier without him. William Lucas is playing him with considerable power, but the script ties him down rather severely to one note, and it has a monotonous sound. I am conscious that Richard Pearson, as the Det.-Sergeant, is trying hard, by means of naturalistic underplaying, to offset the effect on the audience of his tiresomely intense superior. "Don't worry," he seems to be telling us; "he'll be all right in a minute." (Lucas and Pearson, incidentally, are two of a select band of first-rate television actors.) The serial itself, concerned as it is with kidnapping, has considerable suspense and excitement, but far too much pedestrian dialogue for my liking. One does not expect Pinter or Osborne quality in a thriller, but it would be a delight one day to get it.

I have often tried to sit through a complete episode of "Knight Errant '60" (Granada), but each time I have felt my enthusiasm (admittedly not too strong to begin with) gradually wane and shrivel and give way to positive anger. The other week I tried again, and managed to stay with the thing for about three quarters of the distance—chiefly because I was enthralled by some of the most ineffectual acting, among the smaller parts, it has so far been my privilege to watch. I can sometimes excuse weak scripts in this grinding, treadmill department, because I accept the fact that there is a shortage of writers willing or able to write convincingly at this level. Weakness of acting, on the other hand, I shall never excuse, because there are always too many actors for every job available, and I would have thought that that state of affairs, and the resulting competition, should have the effect of raising the general standard of competence.

—HENRY TURTON



BOOKING OFFICE

PROPHETS AND LOSSES

By TIMOTHY RAISON

This Little Band of Prophets. Anne Fremantle. George Allen and Unwin 28/-

THERE can be something oddly endearing about a book which starts with a howler in its first paragraph. Mrs. Fremantle's is to say that in the Labour Cabinet of 1945 there were forty-one Fabians—there were in fact only twenty ministers in it altogether—and there is a sprinkling of other slips throughout the book; but at least we quickly know where we are. As its title suggests, *This Little Band of Prophets* will never be the definitive, impeccable classic on the Fabians. It will not be what *The Economist*, et al., like to call "required reading." It is, in short, very far from Fabian in spirit—for all that Mrs. Fremantle is a niece of Beatrice Webb's. But it is great fun.

The subject of the book is essentially the prophets rather than the prophecies. Here and there a page is devoted to their policies, a paragraph to their political antecedents or a few lines to their influence. But that is all: it is people not programmes that appeal to the feminine, sparkling Mrs. Fremantle.

And what rollicking people they turn out to have been, even if Sidney Webb, the most influential of them, was crystallized by W. T. Stead as "a man crammed with facts." To-day, the summer schools and the bicycle rides—curious how the Left has abandoned bikes for boots—and the long, earnest discussions may seem incurably unsophisticated, but in reality the Fabian giants were as subtly diverse as any group of people could expect to be.

Consider the group whom Shaw described as the "Fabian Polit-bureau"—himself, Webb, Olivier, Wallas and Hubert Bland. Webb and Olivier were both civil servants at heart, as indeed they were in practice. They believed that the way to govern was through knowledge, and they set to work to acquire, digest and spread that knowledge with a freedom that a modern civil servant could scarcely expect. But it was

not merely in freedom to indulge in politics that they were fortunate: they had also freedom to get on with the job of thinking. Socialism to-day stands in just as great a need of people prepared to labour over their political research as it did at the turn of the century: but who is the new Webb who will shun the easy lure of the time-consuming television, wireless and press? Alas, the wives of independent means, who kept the Fabians on their feet financially, are rarer now.

But neither Webb nor anyone else doubted the value of propaganda—indeed the Fabians were as much propagandists as designers of blue-prints, and in 1892 one hundred and thirteen of them gave no fewer than three thousand four hundred lectures between them. It was Shaw, of course, who was supreme among propagandists, though there was a time when H. G. Wells tried to become generalissimo in the war of ideas—and in doing so nearly wrecked the Society.

PRESENTING THE CRITICS



STRAUSFELD

12—V. S. PRITCHETT
Books, New Statesman

Shaw comes out of the book well, with his extraordinary industry, surprising tolerance and flow of entertaining and perceptive comments. Yet it was he who alone combined those two contrasting stimulants to left-wing thought—philandering and childless marriage. Bland and Wells were the great exponents of the former—and it is Wells who provides a rich description of Bland's married life with the touching author *The Would-be-Goods*, E. Nesbit, in a house swarming with his mistresses and illegitimate children. (The eldest legitimate son was christened Fabian.)

Bland represented a complete contrast to the absent-minded, kindly, brilliant teacher, Graham Wallas, as he did to the Webbs, of whom people complained that they were *too* married. Yet somehow a harmony was evolved which produced such classics as the original *Fabian Essays*. Of course it could not last for ever: in later years the rapture became diminished, and Mrs. Fremantle's own interest in her book seems to diminish with it, though as long as her heroine, Beatrice Webb, is active it cannot quite fade away.

But what are we to deduce from it all—apart from the need to work hard? Mrs. Fremantle herself appears to be in two minds. At one moment she lists, with every reason, the legislation which was gradualism's inevitable fruit; at another she seems almost to suggest that the world has grown grey with the Fabians' breath—"The Fabians, during their seventy-five years, have given Socialism its bureaucracy, a necessary servant; but in doing so they also have made Socialist society into a bureaucracy, an inestimable liability." But perhaps her true verdict comes when she quotes the words of Theodore Roosevelt: "I will sail alongside the ship of Socialism and I will take over everything that is good, and leave the bad." In their day both Liberals and Tories have raided the Fabian vessel.

MORE ABOUT ROOSEVELT

The Coming of the New Deal. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Heinemann, 63/-

In this second volume of his monumental "Age of Roosevelt," Mr. Schlesinger tells the story of the early years of the President's first term (1933-35). This is historical narrative of a high order, a book filled with the vitality, the wit and the pungent urgency of the New Dealers themselves—the "Filii Aurore," as Judge

Learned Hand sourly described them, who "make me actively sick at my stomach." Beginning with the solemn, even rather terrifying inauguration—"one has a feeling of going it blindly," confessed Eleanor Roosevelt, "because we're in a tremendous stream, and none of us knows where we're going to land"—the historian carries us through a spate of crises and legislation (with precedents falling like ninepins) to a finely balanced portrait of the great President, warts and all. The book abounds in neat Clarendonian vignettes of men like Harry Hopkins and Henry Wallace (the latter offers a splendid target for Mr. Schlesinger's powers of restrained irony).

In his final chapter, "Behind the Mask," the writer attempts an assessment of Roosevelt's inner character, stressing his elusive and proudly un-monolithic temperament. "He had," he writes, "not a personality, but a ring of personalities, each one dissolving on approach, always revealing still another beneath." Roosevelt, he sums up, "always cast his vote, for life, for action, for forward motion, for the future. His response to the magnificent emptiness of the Grand Canyon was typical: 'It looks dead. I like my green trees at Hyde Park better. They are alive and growing'."

— JOHN RAYMOND

NEW NOVELS

The Day of Sacrifice. Fereidoun Esfandiary. Heinemann, 15/-

The Inquisitors. George Andrzejewski. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 13/6

The Finished Man. George Garrett. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18/-

My Angel. Ianthe Jerrold. Heinemann, 16/-

Some of the most remarkable novels of our time come from societies struggling to know themselves. And two of this week's novels take much of their strength from the way in which they are forced to

think about the conflict between that kind of society dominated by authority and order and that kind dominated by western liberal aims, individual freedom, possible anarchy. *The Day of Sacrifice* is the first novel of a young, westernized Iranian, and a splendid piece of work it is. Its hero, a lethargic, apolitical Iranian, is caught up against his will in an assassination attempt, in a Teheran torn between two camps of revolutionaries, the Slaves of the Faith who want to restore the old Moslem traditions and the liberal revolutionaries for whom every reform is not reform enough. No form of government can satisfy, no authority seems the right one. The hero, forced by a native responsibility to his father, goes in search of both camps in an attempt to prevent the projected assassination; and the book has the form of a parable of his complex relations with authority, the hero's search being in fact one through the areas of his own Iranian soul. What is so impressive about the book is the remarkable assurance with which it is written, the remarkable professional (and philosophical) assurance of, say, Albert Camus in *The Outsider*, a book which it somewhat resembles. Every scene and intonation functions to expose another purpose of the novel; and I find it a most distinguished novel on a most important theme. One can hardly say that Fereidoun Esfandiary is a name to remember, but hard as it is to memorize, do try. He is remarkably good.

The author of *The Inquisitors* is a distinguished Polish novelist, and this historical novel about the Spanish Inquisition has an obvious contemporary reference. One of the uses of history is the strain between past events and the valuations that we, from our modern liberal stance, come to put upon them. And in recounting his tale Andrzejewski depends upon our instinctive response that the Inquisition was something hideous and wrong. Perhaps the Polish reader is more divided between the liberal idea and the case for the

Inquisition; but for the English reader the novel must take its strength from the power with which it can make Torquemada's philosophical case strong. And though there are some remarkable passages of disputation, and though the tale is told with meaning and power, it is not quite large enough overall to do this. It is a considerable political allegory and a fascinating tale. Some critics have doubted which side the author is on, but it is surely plain.

George Garrett has written some impressive short stories, but his novel, *The Finished Man*, is an unfinished book. It skillfully presents a political scene and the anguishes of the Southern heritage. But its strong resemblances to *All The King's Men* (it is about a corrupt election campaign in the American South, told from the viewpoint of an unformed young man in search of values and a heritage) point up its weaknesses; Robert Penn Warren, like Garrett, uses violence of language and of incident, but he does not use them gratuitously. Garrett often does. He hops back and forth in time, and a scene of assassination, presented as the centre of the novel, does almost nothing to advance the resolution. One thinks back to Esfandiary, where the assassination is inexorably the centre of the book, and where economical presentation proves its value.

My Angel is a wry comedy about a man who grows wings. The idea sounds fey; but, unexpectedly, Miss Jerrold does a fine job of making the story real, and significant (for the flight is the flight of a man from a woman into fulfilment of his own potential). She gains her effect by a splendid portrait of her narrator, a shy (and witty) creature brought out of her spinsterish, middle-class hibernation by her angel. Funny, moving and above all intelligent. — MALCOLM BRADBURY

ELIZABETHAN PARAGON

That Great Lucifer. Margaret Irwin. Chatto and Windus, 25/-

"Only my father," remarked Prince Henry, "would keep such a bird in a cage." Miss Irwin vividly evokes the magnetism that made Raleigh admired and loathed. Poet, historian, master of prose, a dabbler in experiment and the occult, as well as a fighting seaman and adventurer, Guatteral, as the Spaniards called him, was the most superb figure of the Elizabethan Court: his vitality and versatility recall Leonardo.

He took Cadiz, though Essex got the credit; created a vast estate in Ireland, bought up by the Earl of Cork; he founded Virginia and British Guiana. Shut up in the Tower for thirteen years, he wrote a history of the world, treatises on navigation on the Amazon and the West Indies, on politics and the art of war at sea; and he wrote some of the best poems of his time, as well as popularizing tobacco and potatoes and bringing back the wallflower (from the Azores). His life was one of high enterprise



and tragedy, as of a hero of Renaissance drama.

Miss Irwin's book deserves a wide public. Having herself visited the country, she brings to life the two expeditions to Guinea and the Orinoco: Raleigh, she points out, was not far wrong about Eldorado in view of the mineral wealth of the country he wanted to annex. Naturally so brilliant and dangerous an adventurer provoked hatred: "Rawly, Rawly," said James I, "and rawly hae I heard o' thee, mon." Nor could he judge men. It was hardly sensible to trust Cecil or Bacon, or to put a temperamental Bursar of Balliol in charge of a tricky expedition up the Orinoco. But always Raleigh took the initiative, down to his last words to his executioner. "Who do you fear? Strike, man, strike." "A tall handsome and bold man," as Aubrey put it, "but his naeve (flaw) was that he was damnable proud."

— JOHN BOWLE

TWO DEFEATS

Mons. John Terraine. *Batsford, 21/-*

The Fall of Singapore. Frank Owen.

Michael Joseph, 21/-

The new volume in Batsford's *British Battles* series is not as limited as its title suggests. It is a fairly full account of World War I in the West, between the landing of the B.E.F. and the Marne. Mons itself gets only a chapter. Combining incisive strategical criticism and eye-witness accounts, Mr. Terraine has made a readable job out of his saddening material. His heroes are Smith-Dorrien, Sir Edward Spears and Franchet d'Esperey, and, in the later stages, Joffre. He hesitates a bit over Sir Henry Wilson; perhaps he has not met Sir Andrew Macphail's *Three Persons*, that classic of character-assassination. Margot Asquith's luncheon table remark to a party of senior officers, "The only reason you ever win is that you have generals against you," is the only possible explanation of both the German failure to encircle the Allied left wing and of the Allied failure to conceive and execute a joint plan of action. German superiority in fire-power and British superiority in marksmanship were well matched. On the ground the B.E.F. did wonders; but the incredible story of what happened farther back makes one realize that not all war criminals were on the other side.

Mr. Owen's book on *The Fall of Singapore* is less analytical and the stream of facts sometimes makes it rather heavy going, despite an occasional deliberately "human" story which simply has the effect of making its surroundings seem all the more solid. But the questions he asks about this defeat, still uninvestigated, dispel the common illusion that things were done better in the Second War than in the First. Part of the trouble was shortage of material and, in the long run, the electorate must take the responsibility for that; but the fact remains that there were more British troops than Japanese troops and yet there was an atmosphere of defeat from the start. This is a disturbing book.

— R. G. G. PRICE



"This is a fine time to tell me you can't read."

CREDIT BALANCE

Final Approach. Christopher Hodder-Williams. *Hodder and Stoughton, 15/-*. A very exciting story about civil aviation—"the anatomy of an accident," to quote the author. There is a slight after-taste of pulp-magazine about the writing, but the tension is most expertly contrived.

Point of Stress. Keith Colquhoun. *Hamish Hamilton, 13/6*. How the relations between an American rocket-base in Norfolk and the local population are affected by a nuclear-disarmament march, told mostly in a series of witty and intelligent conversations. Funny, stylish, sympathetic and wise; definitely not to be missed.

Hypnotism. Dr. S. J. van Pelt. Foyle, 4/- . A fascinating little primer of what hypnotism can do and how you can do it. No doubt intentionally, the author is most vague concerning the actual business of getting the subject under; from there on, he is informative and sensible and should amend a lot of mistaken notions.

All or Nothing. John Cowper Powys. *Macdonald, 16/-*. In the village of Foghorn, John o' Dreams Nu and Jilly Tweky Nu make friends with the children of a giant called Urk and then voyage about the Milky Way. Mixture of Metaphysics, Science Fiction, Fairy Tale and the world of *A Glastonbury Romance*. Powys fans only.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

Mamas and Infants

I WAS reading only the other day that children have never been such models of child welfare, such infant prodigies as in fact they are to-day. I can only say that we've come a long way in sixty glorious years. Just look through *Mothers and Children* for 1894 and you'll see what I mean.

"Your children," goes one of the comments, "will be interested to know that some of the animals in the Zoological Gardens employ a baker. This good man"—oh, the upper and lower classes!—"this good man, in the year 1892, had to make and bake 5,000 quartern loaves for them. If these 5,000 loaves were put in a straight line they would measure about a mile." Well, frankly, I can't even see little Alice being interested; but then Victorian children were there to be seen and not heard. And of course to be kept under discipline. "In whatever nursery plans you have," we read a few pages later, "you must have inflexible punctuality and adherence to rules . . . Children brought up without settled plans, without definite hours, without imperative regulations are worthless . . . Their concentration on self becomes insufferable, too." Quite a change from Dartington Hall, I must say.

But the Victorians were not only disciplinarians. They were also distinctly morbid and invalid-minded. "The heels of a sick child, lying in one position for weeks, become tender," so they said, "and excoriated. To prevent it, make two good thick rings of cotton-wool, and lay one little heel in each." And how should the convalescent child while away the time? Why, he should

get out his scissors and cardboard and make "a little horn to hang near an invalid's bed, and to hold a cup of milk or water." And talking of water, here's a cautionary tale that Belloc himself would have found it hard to beat. "At the present moment one of the sweetest little maidens ever seen is without fingers on her right hand, because she ran to a bath wherein her nurse had just poured boiling water, and tipped in." Why not just say it is always wiser to run the cold m-first? But the Victorians didn't think of it that way.

But very occasionally, when they weren't doing exercises for increasing lung-power, or being told they musn't drink tea or coffee till they were fourteen, or being given tinted notepaper because

of their delicate eyesight: very occasionally the Victorian children enjoyed themselves.

I'm not thinking of the food they ate ("salted meats and pastry are to be avoided"). I'm not thinking of the clothes they wore (corded velveteen cloaks, edged with white Tibet goat fur). I'm thinking of the toys they played with.

Just think: for a shilling you could buy a Noah's Ark complete with animals. And as for the doll's house furniture it makes one's mouth simply water. Listen to this window-shopper of 1894: "In the best shops this autumn I saw tiny dolls' lamps of exquisite shape, with silk or paper shades, silver candlesticks, also with shades fixed to brass rims, menus for the dolls' table, and a set of dolls' lingerie complete down to the last frilled handkerchief."

If only that was the last word on Victorian toys! But, alas, it wasn't. And this I'm afraid is what the window-shopper really admired most of all: "I have noticed nothing so ingenious as the famous American altruistic doll. This doll conveyed a moral lesson to its happy possessor, who had only to press a button and ask the question: 'Will you have some candy?' when the doll smilingly responded: 'Give brother big piece, give me little piece.'"

Well, there you are. That's it in a nutshell. Even the Victorian dolls could moralize.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

Happy Birthday

I FOUND Liz crying over a box of nylons—a dozen pairs at least, lager-colour, like her hair, and very expensive. "And now I've spotted them!" she wailed, "so I can't even give them away!"

"It's only the top pair you've cried on," I said, "but what on earth do you mean? Give them away? They're gorgeous. From George, I suppose?"

"Of course," said Liz bitterly. "Each year since we married—and that's thirty-six pairs of Sheer Bliss 15 deniers—George has given me these. I can't wear them so I have to give them away.

Secretly, at Christmas. You see, I told George, when we were engaged it was, that I took size nine. Really, of course, I take tens. I'm the athletic type. And I haven't the courage now to confess." She sobbed loudly. "And I can't change them because George gets them wholesale from a cousin in the nylon business. Even then they cost pounds."

"Poor pet, it's shattering," I said. I was nearly crying myself because I take nine and a half. And you're not the only one, I thought, as I went home.

Just the other day I found Porgy Merridew stretched out on the elegant

chaise-longue in her bedroom. She was overlapping it a bit, I couldn't help noticing. Beside her was a huge box of Morton & Fison's chocolates. Her make-up, usually superb, was distinctly waffled.

"Look, Maggie," she choked, "Don's forgotten my birthday for years till to-day, and now just see what he has given me, and you know I am slimming like mad. Said he'd remembered I used to love this kind. I still do. Oh, take them away for heaven's sake!"

Englishmen, it occurs to me, all glorious as they are, are not very bright about birthdays, and men with low golf handicaps are the worst. My sister Molly married one. He forgot her birthday for the first three years. By then she was taking lessons, struggling to become a golfer in case she forgot what he looked like. She had just decided to give up trying before she died of frustration and boredom when she found an envelope propped against the coffee pot on her birthday morning. It had "Lots of Love from Henry" on it. Inside was a membership ticket for the local golf club.

My brother Thomas remembers his wife's birthday every other year. When I scolded him about it all he said was "Well, it must make her feel a whole lot younger, mustn't it?" When he remembers he gives her a pint of Eau de Cologne or Old World Lavender. "It makes me feel at least eighty!" Caroline told me.

My nephew Hilary is a stockbroker and a weekend artist. He always gives his wife huge silk scarves in confused swirls—hot siennas, black, muddy ochre, treacle and other compost colours. Kay is a slim ash-blond and adores herself in white, pearl-grey, black, absinthe and bubble-gum pink. Last birthday he gave her a portrait of himself. It looked just like one of the scarves. Anyway, she didn't have to wear it.

My cousin James is an archaeologist, the sort of man who says about anniversaries: "Why on earth didn't you remind me?" Once Mary did. He went away and thought for days and then gave her an expensive new book about excavations in Macedonia.

"Oh for a surprise, just for once, on my birthday!" my favourite friend said only last week. "Harold thinks of nothing but food. If only he would give me flowers, masses of flowers,

instead of all these expensive Scandinavian casseroles and pans. The cupboard's bursting with them!" She slammed the door.

"Perhaps he'll change . . ." I said lamely, "and . . ."

"Or I might die suddenly," Jill snapped.

"Then, of course, you'd get your wish," I said.

— GILLY SANDS

The Old Girls' Reunion

THERE was Laura (writing for TV)
And Margot (in a play)
And Jane (a double First in Law)
And new-fledged Doctor Fay,

And Marion (she's an architect)
And Stella (a J.P.)
All drinking gin and talking shop
And looking down on me.

But just as I was slinking home
What heaven to meet Prue
(Twin sons, aged six, and daughter,
three),
Who's "doing nothing" too.

— ANNE HAWARD

Pot-Luck

A DROP of the hard stuff first, for heaven's sake! A dull dinner and a prostrate us, so let the wine and spirits flow. The coffee cups want washing. Take this jammy high chair out and those turnips off the sideboard and check for squashed peas and cornflakes on the dining-room chairs. You sit here, I sit here. You're eating your grapefruit with a soup spoon, me with a fish fork. Keep calm and find some candles. Small flickering ones to distract people, and the bathroom's like a muddy field, so take the bulb out and we'll say the light's fused. Butter pats would be nice, no time. Scrape the crumbs and chocolate spread from this and jolly it up a bit. Mustard's as hard as a bullet so don't offer it. The Nasties ate one of the raspberry pudding things—refuse pud and say you'll wait for cheese but there isn't any so keep your head and keep the glasses filled. No time to clean up in here, so just whoosh these toys under the sofa and I'll take that pot and the ironing-board. Dimmer lights and we'll be fine.

There's a knock now—the devils are here already. You let them in while I fly and change. If I'm hours looking for reasonable stockings, say I'm comforting a nightmarish child. Be like me, keep calm.

— EILEEN MEYER



"They haven't been
dusted for weeks."

Toby Competitions

No. 120—Haven't we the Gaiety

MODERN England is lacking in Modern English Festivals, bar the March to Aldermaston. Readers are invited to name, explain and describe a suitable July festival. 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. Entries by first post on Wednesday, July 6. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 120, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 117

(White House Selections)

It was not a large entry for the Presidential Prize. The idiom of the turf, while lending itself to electioneering, restricted the contributors to such an extent that their advice on the next American President kept the entries running very much in a pattern. After what can be described as a photo finish, the winner is:



"I got a great idea. As soon as we get back to civilization I'm gonna start a film of the trials of Oscar Wilde."

ARCHIE POTTS

33 INFLEY ROAD
OXFORD

Almost a certain runner in the Republican colours is Ike's stable-mate, Nixon, who has been over the ground before and is strongly fancied for this year's Presidential Stakes. But Rockefeller looks a good outside bet. Young and strong, this popular runner shaped up well when he ran at New York, and even if he doesn't make it this time is worth watching for the future.

From the Democratic stable the experienced Stevenson, should do much better this time against a weaker field. Kennedy has the advantage of youth, but is unlikely to overcome a strong religious handicap.

If the going is rough it should be Nixon's race, but Stevenson's class may tell on a clear course.

And the following also ran well enough to earn book tokens:

With the going really sticky since the Summit meeting, who would enjoy it more than Adlai Stevenson, an experienced runner who knows every inch of the election course? Officially he may be a doubtful starter, but I cannot see him missing his best chance yet. So I nap Stevenson to make it third time lucky.

Well-fancied Nixon will have substantial backing but he naturally prefers better going, and even when he had it at Wisconsin he showed poor form compared with previous winner Eisenhower against no opposition worth mentioning.

The danger-man on form, John Kennedy, who romped home at West Virginia. Easily the best looking runner in the field, he is being specially trained with no expense spared.

G. A. D. Emerson, North Sydmonton House, Newbury, Berkshire

After recovering from a bad stumble in the Wisconsin primary race (when at one time it was thought likely to have to use a humane killer on him) Kennedy has had a remarkable run of successes in minor races and selling plates recently.

He has established himself a firm favourite in the Presidential Stakes Handicap race and his colours (yellow and white with a Papal cross) are now sported by millions of backers.

Although much has been made, in fixing his handicap, of

(a) advice likely to be forthcoming from the Vatican stable and

(b) the fact that he is really an inexperienced colt

he is undoubtedly the horse on which to put one's shirt (or cassock).

Neil M. Jordna, "Trees," 30 Kings Mount, Leeds 17

With the withdrawal of Eisenhower, the race is fairly open. All entries have a final trial ahead and some may be non-starters.

From the Republican Trial Stakes I expect Nixon to score a useful win. He was stable companion to Eisenhower for several seasons and has experience of the big occasion. His main danger here I feel is Rockefeller. He has an excellent pedigree and no expense will be spared in his preparation.

In the Democratic event, Stevenson was beaten last time out and lacks staying power. My choice here is Kennedy, winner of several Primary stakes.

If good looks won a race Nixon and Kennedy would be neck and neck, but I nap Nixon with confidence.

R. G. Boyles, 29 Redriff Close, Maidenhead, Berkshire

Of the probable runners in the President's Stakes the handsome but inexperienced colt Kennedy, who prefers the middle of the track, has impressed in his trials. Nixon, the only other firm entry at this writing, is not much older, likes the course, is fighting fit and enjoys the game. If the mettlesome Stevenson can be brought to the starting post his high intelligence, courage and familiarity with the ground must command respect; but he does not take kindly to blinkers and without them his running can be erratic. I have not overlooked Rockefeller's performance in the New York Handicap but, provided Nixon's tendency to savage other runners causes no entanglements before the "Off," my selection is Nixon to win.

J. H. Polfrey, Fircroft, Broadwater Rise, Guildford, Surrey

NIXON.—No overnight favourite. Always a front runner, has been used as a pace-maker on occasion. First hand knowledge of track, and the stable in form. Certainty unless nobbled by his friends. No bets accepted.

ROCKEFELLER.—Great danger to Nixon. Necessary breeding, but has not engaged over the distance previously. Speaks Spanish to Puerto-Ricans and Double-Dutch to Democrats. Pace of a two-year-old. 2 to 1 on.

KENNEDY.—Depending on trainer's luck turning. Can't lose three in a row? Catholic. Might wear blinkers. Will train on. 5 to 1 against.

LYNDON JOHNSON.—Good connections, but comes from the South, where political runners take two steps forward then one step back. 10 to 1 against.

STEVENSON.—Doubtful runner. Would carry a lot of foreign money if he got to the Post.

Thomas Sutherland, 14 Montague Road, Richmond, Surrey

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